CLASS BOOK

THE

WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS WHS BOOK

1927A

Published By
the graduating class of the
Thomas Snell Weaver High
School, Hartford Conn.

OWNER

Dedication

In appreciation of her patience
and her efforts to keep the
standards of this school high,
and to create good fellowship among the students,
as well as a better understanding between the
students and the faculty,
We, the Class of 1927A,
respectfully dedicate

our

CLASS BOOK

to

Miss Faith H. Talcott

Second Vice-Principal
and
Dean of Girls

MISS FAITH H. TALCOTT

Class Book Boards

Editor-in-Chief—Frances A. Rau
Assistant Editor—Leonard Selitzky
Business Manager—Daniel B. Charter
Assistant Business Manager—Raymond A. Morris

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Henry Hudson
Richard W. Reppert
Marion Rutt
Alba I. Zizzamia

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Richard M. Hemenway
Florence M. Joseph
Florence B. Savitt

FOREWORD

HE that hath a sense of humor, but is so blinded by his confidence in his own prodigious powers as a wit. that he peruseth this *Class Book* without a smile which softeneth his features, but stayeth wrapped in his own melancholy and lonely conceit while his companions laugh and make merry, is like unto the ass, who, though he knoweth his master leadeth him well, still to indulge an asinine caprice, balketh in the middle of the road, and, bowing his head in stubbornness, alloweth the rest of the world to go by. It is with this sentiment that we present this book to you. We have no apologies and no regrets. We have worked hard in preparing it and now our only feeling is one of hope that our offering will please you.

* * *

To the faculty advisers, Miss Craig and Miss Hood, who have so generously helped us in editing this *Class Book*, we, the Board, wish to extend our sincere thanks.

Class of 1927A

Class Motto
Res Non Verba

Class Colors
Maroon and Silver

Class Chairman
Leonard Selitzky

Chairman of Reception Committee
Frank T. Carney

Class Marshal
Sterling D. Harger

Orator
Frank J. Lang

Treasurer
Edward J. Verrillo

Historians
Alba I. Zizzamia
Isadore Garber

Essayist
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Testator
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Reception Committee
Lois S. Abbe
Katherine M. Kearns
Daniel J. Tasillo
Fred C. Leonard

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Sylvia D. Ginewsky
Raleigh A. Dresser
Virna D. Gunther

Pin and Ring Committee
Frances A. Rau
Leonard Selitzky
Isadore Garber
Alba I. Zizzamia

Motto Committee
Harry L. Weinstein
Ruth H. Flanigan
Louis Clare

Class Roll

Girls

Lois Seville Abbe
Betty Applebaum
Hilda Aron
Ruth Lillian Barber
Ruth Elizabeth Blessing
Sylvia Bronstein
Helen Scott Carney
Sylvia Edna Corvo
Ruth Louise Crane
Harriette Frances Croker
Violet Florence Dixon
Ethel Mary Dooley
Sadie Elizabeth Eagney
Jean Faldman
Ruth Harriet Flanigan
Sylvia Doris Ginewsky
Freada Molly Glotzer
Frances Goltra
Virna Doris Gunther
Grace Bernice Heap
Rella Rose Himmelblau
Florence Mae Joseph
Ruth Juster
Sarah Ida Kaprove
Katherine Mary Kearns
Sadie Kostin
Dorothy Irene Lay
Esther Edith Lutin
Louise Elmore Macauley
Dora Rosalie Mancini
Clara Meiselman
Evelyn Meiselman
Gertrude Miller
Katherine Elizabeth Moriarty
Bertha Morse
Mary Grace Preston
Frances Austin Rau
Dorothy Ingeborg Reinholdz
Lillian Selma Rodensky
Beatrice Romansky
Marion Rutt
Florence Bailey Savitt
Sylvia Spalter
Marion Veronica St. John
Geraldine Frances Sullivan
Ruth Estella Sullivan
Marjorie Esther Taylor
Irina Alberta Whaley
Mildred Adele Whitney
Marguerite Theresa Wissel
Alba Isabel Zizzamia

Class Roll

Boys

Louis Berman
Samuel Herman Berson
Raymond Leonard Bialick
Frank Thomas Carney
Daniel Buell Charter
Louis Clare
Sol Dolgin
Arthur Dorman
Raleigh Adams Dresser
Louis Leigh DuBrow
Isadore Garber
Roy Theodore Hammer
Sterling DeForest Harger
Carl Douglas Harthon
Richard Maine Hemenway
Henry Hudson
Alfred Gamard Jeter
Samuel Kaplan
Phelps Mexcur Lane
Frank Joseph Lang
Fred Charles Leonard
Walter Max Loeffler, Jr.
Robert Ladue Macauley
Raymond Augustus Morris
Paul Louis Paulsen
William Samuel Peterson
Richard Walter Reppert
Benjamin Rosenthal
Irving Herman Rosenthal
Ralph Edward Schlatter
Leonard Ryder Schoenfeld
Leonard Selitzky
Lloyd Runnalls Smith
Norman Smyth
Marshall Murray St. John
Daniel Joseph Tasillo
Vincent Egan Turley
Edward John Verrillo
Harry Leonard Weinstein
Harry Weisenberg

LOIS S. ABBE

"Lo"

"Rare is the union of cuteness and virtue."

Northwest School; Art-Crafts Club 2b—4b; Ingleside Club 2b—4b; Glee Club 3b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Upper Choir 2b—4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a, 4b; Reception Committee 4b.

Dainty little Lois! We don't think it's right that the class picked you for the most conceited. Never mind, Chub, it isn't everyone who has something to be conceited about. Say, listen, why didn't someone ever write a book called, "Ladies Prefer Blondes"? We won't tell all we know, though.

BETTY APPLEBAUM

"The countenance is the portrait of the soul."

Arsenal School; Business Club 3a—4b, Vice-President and Treasurer 4a; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b, Executive Member 4a; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b.

We didn't hear from you, often, "Betts," in that big, noisy room of 227, but once in a while we looked over at the aisle near the door and saw that sweet, angelic face and that aureole of golden hair. Are you really as angelic as you look? Well we've heard nothing to the contrary as yet, but——

HILDA ARON

"Hil"

"For all vain wishes in her prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented."

Northeast School; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' Business Club 3b—4b; Ingleside Club 4b.

Another one of that silent throng in the first aisle, weren't you, Hilda? Too bad we never got to know you better. You seemed awfully nice, but you didn't give us much of a chance.

RUTH L. BARBER

"But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind."

Girls' League 1a—4b.

Ruth was one of the very few who kept '27A on the Honor Roll and that in itself deserves great commendation. We never got to know you very well, but we liked you just the same, and we're awfully glad to have you with us. You have the sincerest wishes of the Class of '27A for your future.

LOUIS BERMAN
"Shrimp"

"We saw him upon nearer view!"

Northeast School; Choir 2b—4b; Leaders' Corps 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Classical Club 3a—4b; Glee Club 3b—4b, Assistant Librarian 4b.

Louis is quite small, but very much in evidence. His wit and good-natured humor are as bright as his rosy cheeks. His attitude is care free, but we find him the best of companions. He's one reason why the Class of '27A is considered cute! Ain't that the truth?

SAMUEL H. BERSON
"Sam"

"I crave alone for peace and rest
And feel that it is best."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Orchestra 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

When some of the girls say "Sam" is quiet, the boys just look at one another, and smile meaningly. They know that he isn't as quiet as he appears to be. He is surely a comical fellow, and we often see a laughing group with "Sam" at its center. We're glad he made double promotion, but wish he'd been in Room 227 with us, to make our sojourn in that room even more enjoyable. He's a nice fellow.

RAYMOND L. BIALICK
"Bow-wow"

"O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to weary head!"

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4b; Football Team 1924-25-26; Basketball Team 1924-25-26.

We began to wonder, after a while, if "Ray" had no clocks home. His tardiness has come to be a tradition among us. "Ray" has "tried" for more athletic teams than any other of our number, and has come to be an athlete of parts. His bellowing and happy laughter has lightened many an afternoon's practice. Although he doesn't make himself known much, socially, we like him a lot.

RUTH E. BLESSING
"Harpy"

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways."

Northeast School; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 3b, 4a; Choir 4b.

"Harpy" is one of those quiet girls who are better listeners than they are talkers, and we must say that in "Harpy's" case a lot is hidden behind that slow smile of hers. We predict something nice for "Harpy" in the future. She's such a pleasant girl.

SYLVIA BRONSTEIN
"Syb"

"Be thine with airy steps to trace
Some bright and sunny way."

Northwest School; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b; "Lookout" Business Board 3b, 4a; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4a.

You got quite a few votes for the most angelic. "Syb," but I think it's just your golden locks that gave that impression—anyhow, most of the class knew you a little better than that. By the way, how are your two "sweethearts" that used to adorn that famous Civics class? Also, I'd keep away from the yacht club if I were you! ! !

FRANK T. CARNEY
"Curly"

"Earth has few more handsome things to show!"

Northwest School; Classical Club 4a, President 4b; Radio Club 3a, 3b, President 4a, Secretary 4b; Rifle Club 3a, 3b, Secretary 4a, Vice-President 4b; Rifle Team; French Club 4a, 4b; Student Council 2a; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Chairman of Reception Committee.

Good looks galore and plenty more besides. That's Frank. Always helpful and handy with a smile. Quite serious, and how he blushes! Frank is there with the women, but we fear he gives them little encouragement. We like him, and will never forget his struggle with Trigonometry and French readers!

HELEN S. CARNEY
"Giggles"

"I am tipsy with laughter."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b.

"Laugh—I thought I'd die" might more than apply to this young lady. Helen's giggles could be heard all over Room 227, and perhaps, one might say all over Weaver for that matter. How about the time you stepped out with the captain of the team, Helen? What team? Oh, well, if that's how you remember it—! !

DANIEL B. CHARTER
"Dan" "Danny"

"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Crosby High School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Interclass Basketball 1b—4b; Assistant and Business Manager of "The Chronicle" 3b—4a; Rifle Team 2b—4b; Range Officer 2a, Vice-President 2b, President 3b—4b, Assistant Instructor, Captain 4a; Track Team 3a; Football Squad 4b; Radio Club 3b, 4a; Interclass Football Team 4b; Business Manager Class Book 4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Leaders' Corps 2b.

Wicked stares—but they are usually at a paper target. "Dan" is our marksman. He shoots a straight arrow besides (so they say, but we couldn't see it). We commend him for his ambition and—for his nonchalance in receiving the undivided attention of female "bookworms" in the library!

LOUIS CLARE
"Lou"

"All I ask is to be let alone."

Northeast School; French Club 3b—4b, Secretary 4b; "Lookout" Reporter 4a; Classical Club 4a; Boys' Club, Treasurer 4a, 4b; Junior Usher 3b; Choir 2b—4b; Baseball Squad 2b; Class Basketball 3a, 4a; Class Football 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Motto Committee.

Louis is certainly a good sport. He has been doing home work incessantly for four years, and then assisting erring students by the loan of his treasure. "Lou" is a bit too serious, but still he has accomplished his main objective; that is, his marks are fine. Perhaps if a few more of us were as conscientious as Louis, we might also be rewarded when that certain white card comes around!

SYLVIA E. CORVO
"Syb"

"Love me little, love me long."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 3b—4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 4a; Choir 2b—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 3b—4b; Glee Club 4a and 4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a and 4b.

Be he short, sweet, and dainty, be he large and masterful with a dimple in his chin, or be he just medium with an ordinary physiognomy, "Syb" would fall and flirt, and flirt and fall, for not without reason was this vampy maiden chosen "most flirtatious." Those dark-eyed charms didn't work on quite all the football squad, though. Did they, "Syb?"

RUTH L. CRANE
"Ruthie"

"Silence does not always mean wisdom."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Choir 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 2b—4b; Basketball 4b; Classical Club 4b.

Though "Ruthie" has not been with us through all our "happy days," she knew what she was doing when she dropped into '27A in her senior year. Now, no kidding, Ruth, aren't we the very best class to graduate with, and aren't you glad that you were lucky enough to drop back into it?

HARRIETTE F. CROKER

"A face with goodness overspread!"

Danbury High School; C. H. L. S. 4b; Girls' League 3b, 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 3b, 4a, 4b.

This studious and unassuming Miss has proven that some girls do come to high school to get an education. Although we think she's quiet during school times, reports have come from the outside world that "you'd be surprised," and maybe we would. But any one who knows as much about Geology as Harriette does, can't have much room to know about "outside doin's." Success is bound to come your way, Harriette. It is your classmates' wish.

"Lou" Clare

VIOLET F. DIXON
"Dixie"

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

New Park Avenue School; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Choir 3b—4b.

"Dixie" was a little different from most of our girls. She never bobbed her hair just to see whether it would look different when it grew in again. We don't know very much about her except that she always looks very much embarrassed when some one chances to mention the Hartford Electric Light Company.

SOL DOLGIN

"Wondrous pictures hath he wrought,
Of man, and child, and beast."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Choir 2b—4b; "Owlet" 2a, 2b; Glee Club 3a—4b; Boys' Commercial Club 4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Dramatic Club Producing Group 4a, 4b.

It is hard for us to comment on this "glorious" lad. We can just imagine him sailing about in a long smock and flowing hair with a brush in his hand, but since these are sadly lacking, "Niglod" flies around instead with a broad grin and a camera. What a rogues' gallery Sol must have tucked away among his possessions somewhere. Never mind, Sol, we know and like that walk, that smile, whenever he smiles, and that roaring voice, when he gives commands. Only the very great possess such characteristics. Then, if you are still in doubt, as to his efficiency, just cast a glance at that Pompion profile and vanquish your doubts. Yes, the greatness of mind exceeds its limited space; that is why you see his forehead projecting out—with knowledge.

ETHEL M. DOOLEY
"Red"

She has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words!"

Mount Saint Joseph Academy; Ingleside Club 3b, 4a, Secretary 4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Representative 4a; "Lookout" Editorial Board 4a, 4b; Dramatic Club Producing Group 4a, 4b; Art-Crafts Club 3a—4b, Executive Committee 3b; C. H. L. S. 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Editorial Board of Class Book 4b; Class Prophetess; Choir 4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a, 4b; "Then and Now" 4b.

If you want to find "Red" in a crowd, look to see who's making the most noise! "Red" is there when it comes to verbally impressing others, and if ever any information is needed concerning the private doings of any of our classmates, "Red" is the one who can tell "how and the reason why!"

ARTHUR DORMAN
"Art"

"Who never said a foolish thing
Who never did a wise one."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 3a—4b; Class Basketball 4a; Class Football 4b.

A bit removed from our sphere, but still one of us. The struggle for marks, is perhaps one of the causes for this. Then again, he is naturally of a quiet and retired nature, but with his own friends he is quite at home. He seldom speaks, but when he does, he utters words of wisdom.

RALEIGH A. DRESSER
"Pop"

"A flower cannot blossom without sunshine
And a man cannot live without love."

Northwest School; Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 2b—4b; Color Committee.

Many, many years ago, when the freshman roll was being called, a weak voice answered to the imposing name Raleigh A. Dresser. This weak voice has now become rougher, and the owner has honored us by consenting to graduate with our class, after refusing many earlier offers. Raleigh has a way about him that seems to entice the opposite sex. Moreover, he has acquired a certain knack at filling out demerit slips, and a close acquaintance with the office. Never mind, Raleigh, we're tickled to have you with us.

LOUIS L. DU BROW
"Leigh"

"The world knows little of its great men!"

Arsenal School; Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 2a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b.

In obscurity so far as the girls are concerned, but popular with the boys. Perhaps it's his shrinking attitude that makes this so; we don't quite know. At any rate, we wish he could be with us more after hours, but this ambitious boy says he is sorry, but he must go to work. Keep it up, "Lou"; we know you'll get there!

SADIE E. EAGNEY
"Sally"

"The look composed, and steady eye,
Bespeak a steady constancy."

Unionville Grammar School; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b.

We wonder what "Sally" does on Thursday afternoons. There might be a variety of answers to this, and, as "the truth hurts", we've decided to keep silent. Along with an ability to talk much about nothing at all, "Sally" has an unknown admirer who leaves notes in her desk.

JEAN FALDMAN
"Jean"

"Falsehood is so easy; truth, so difficult."

Arsenal School; Choir 3a—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Business Club 3a, 3b; Ingleside Club 3a—4a; Girls' League 2b—4b.

You're a pretty good bluffer, "Jean," but not quite so good as you think you are, or else we're not quite so credulous as we look. We may have the wrong opinion of you, but if you hadn't acted so disdainfully and had taken the trouble to mix and make yourself better known, our impression might have been different.

RUTH H. FLANIGAN

"One should look into people as well as at them."

Center School, East Hartford; Ingleside Club 2a—2b; French Club 3b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b; Classical Club 4a—4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 3b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League Representative 4a—4b; Executive Committee of Classical Club 4b; Motto Committee.

Maybe Ruth doesn't say very much, but she thinks a lot. And then too perhaps the "heavy talking crowd" she travels with may have squelched her a little. Are you a man hater, "Ruthie," or is it just that you've never had an opportunity to display your charms? Whatever happens, you will always hold a place in our memories—as that nice little Flanigan girl!

ISADORE GARBER

"Izzy"

"They go wild, simply wild, over me!"

Northwest School; Student Council 2a and 2b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Classical Club 4a and 4b; Choir 2a—4b; "Lookout" Business Board 3b, Circulation Manager 4a; Dramatic Club 3a—4b, Librarian 3b, President 4a, "The Mourner" 3b, "White Headed Boy" 4b; Junior Usher; Football Manager 3b, 4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; 'Varsity Basketball 3b, 4b; Tennis Team, Manager 4a; Pin and Ring Committee 4a; Class Historian; Class Book Board.

And all these years we've been wondering, "Izzy," whether you are interested in the girls or the girls are interested in you. Well, it's no fault of the girls, is it? How does it feel to be a really truly actor on the great big stage and an honest-to-gosh athlete on the "gym" floor, not to mention a past master of the terpsichorean art? By the way, "Izzy," how long do you generally spend on her front porch when you take her home?

SYLVIA D. GINEWSKY

"Syb" "Gin"

"What am I after all but a child?"

Northwest School; Choir 2b—4b; Student Council 2b; Girls' League 2b—4b, Treasurer 4b; Ingleside Club 2b—4b, Executive Committee 4b; "Lookout" Reportorial Staff 3b; Glee Club 4a, 4b; Dramatic Club 3b—4b, Secretary 4b; C. H. L. S. 3b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a, 4b; "Seventeen", "The Whiteheaded Boy"; Color Committee.

We can never forget you as "Jane" in "Seventeen." Everyone in the audience was in love with you; also some on the stage! (?) Do you really have as many "affairs du coeur" as we hear about, and does a Yale fraternity man mean less than nothing to you, or is that just a pose? We're inclined to believe the latter, but, just the same, you're a "cute lil' kid, 'Sibby'" and we really do like you lots.

FREADA M. GLOTZER

"Fritzie"

"And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew."

Northwest School; Choir 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Leaders' Corps 3b, 4a, 4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b.

"Fritzie" is a perfect peach! We were glad, of course, that she had the opportunity of taking that trip to Europe at that time, but we were shaking for fear that she'd not graduate with us. She has fulfilled our wishes, however, and jumped up into our class again. We like her patience and willingness and appreciate her gratitude for any little things we may do for her. She's an all-around "good fellow!"

FRANCES GOLTRA
"Buttercup"

"The great fault in woman is the desire to be like man."

Northeast School; Basketball 1a—4b, Captain 3a and 3b, Manager 3b and 4a; Girls' League 3a—4b; Ingleside Club 3a; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b; Choir 4a and 4b.

O, those boyish girls! How could anyone ever forget the only girl in '27A who graduated with a boyish bob? "Buttercup" was one of the few who kept up the athletic record of the girls in our class and held the rest of us for shame when it came to basketball. Here's hopin' you don't get ordinary, "Buttercup", and start to let your hair grow.

VIRNA D. GUNTHER

"Women's blushes express what they dare not speak!"

Northwest School; French Club 3b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b; Ingleside Club 2a—2b; Classical Club 4a—4b; "Lookout" Circulation Board 4a; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Dramatic Club 3b—4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a; "The Whiteheaded Boy"; Color Committee.

Some one once said that blushes are the badge of inexperience; and we used to think that applied to Virna. However, our Upper Senior has proven to the contrary. How did you ever find time to keep a football captain on your visiting list with your bridge parties and the like? Not to mention your friend at Trinity!

ROY T. HAMMER
"Sledge"

"Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust!"

Northeast School; Boys' Club 4a, President 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Boys' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Choir Monitor 3b, 4a.

If Roy had curly hair, we'd choose him as our nearest resemblance to a Greek god. We know little of what he does after school, but we are sure we need have no worry. He is interesting when he once starts speaking, but this happens very seldom. Roy specializes in Leaders' Corps' work, where he shines. With all his quietness, he is a likeable fellow and an asset to any group.

STERLING D. HARGER
"Sam" "Nig"

"I'll fight till from my bones the flesh is hacked!"

Northwest School; Football Team 1925, Captain 1926; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Boys' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Class Marshal.

"Sam" started to blossom forth quite late in his high school life, but when he did, he turned out to be one of our prize flowers, an athlete par excellence, and an all-around good fellow. When a practical joke is played, or boisterous laughter is heard, you can be sure it is "Sam", and his fellow—"scongels." We've heard girls say, "Sam", that their hearts flutter every time you go by! Watch your step is our warning!

Success to you forever from ever Frances Goltra

Roy T. Hammer

Douglas Harthon

Dick Hemenway "Fairplay"

C. DOUGLAS HARTHON

"Doug"

"What a maiden look
On his boyish face."

Wilson Street School; Choir 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a and 4b.

O, "Doug," what we know about you! Wanna hear it? Well, you just love asking fair maidens to accompany you on mid-day frolics through Keney Park, and you write simply "knock out" love missives! Didn't think we knew all that, did you, "Doug," but you'd be surprised! Never mind, even though your "hiking" invitations are cruelly declined and your notes are treated likewise, you may attribute the fact, not to your girlish blush, but to the sad Fate that makes gentlemen prefer blondes, but makes most ladies admire big, dark, handsome football players!

GRACE B. HEAP

"Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?"

Northwest School; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b.

Well, Grace, you're with us again, much to our delight. You bring a good time with you, and, of course, we like that! But say, Grace, what do you do on Thursday afternoons? We shan't give you away, though! But we shall give you this bit of advice: Be careful, when you work in banks. You know bank people are pretty sharp-eyed! You can't fool them. Never bother, Grace, we like you all the same.

RICHARD M. HEMENWAY

"Dick"

I am a clown; I know it; and yet, God help me, I am poor enough to be a wit."

Northwest School; Dramatic Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Classical Club 3b, 4a, 4b, Vice-President 4a; Debating Club 3a, 3b, 4a, 4b, Vice-President 4a; Business Board of Class Book; Junior Usher; "Chronicle" Editorial Board 3b; Class Testator; "Seventeen", "The Whiteheaded Boy"; Choir 2b—4b.

We predict a great future of astounding success as Chief Spouter of the International Salesmen's League for "Dick." He seems to have been born with the "gift of gab," and a sense that there's no place like a soap-box for a talented orator. We surely did enjoy his "lines," didn't we, and those interpretative dances he performed at Dramatic Club rehearsals. We feel sure that anyone who can talk like "Dick" will be able to argue himself anywhere. Can't you just imagine him at the gates of Heaven saying, "My dear Angels and Saints, here we have the smallest harp in existence, etc." Here's luck and a long life to ye, "Dick."

RELLA R. HIMMELBLAU

"Cinders" "Rel"

"Second thoughts are ever wiser."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 3b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b; French Club 3b; C. H. L. S. 4a; Editorial Board of "The Lookout" 4a.

Though you try to act as dare devilish as the rest of us, Rella, you can't attain that careless, indolent air and are still a conscientious, hard worker. Were it not for what we heard about you one night at the "Wooster" we might have thought you had no interest in the opposite sex, but——

HENRY HUDSON
"Wiff"

"This is the happy warrior, this is he
That every man should wish to be."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Football Squad 4a and 4b; Class Book Editorial Board 4b; Cartoonist for "Lookout" 3a.

This is the young gentleman whom we have sat and gazed at from the far-off bleachers during the excitement of a Weaver football game. And to watch him "smear the opposing team" one would little think that this "he-man" could wield as fine an artist's brush as James Montgomery Flagg, himself. It's all right, "Wiff"; every single person in '27A admits that although there may be better sports than you, they are few and far between, and we've never met 'em as yet.

ALFRED G. JETER
"Al"

"The worst fault I have is to be always in love."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a and 4b; Science Club 3a and 3b; Radio Club 3a.

If at first you don't succeed, you certainly do try, try again, don't you, "Al"? And being rejected by one female seems only to quicken your ardor for another. Do you go to the library for the good of your head or your heart? We're inclined to think that it's the latter. But you must keep away from Sterling Street on dark nights, if you expect to maintain your boyish dignity. Here's hopin' you "Laff That Off."

FLORENCE M. JOSEPH
"Flo"

"Her bark is worse than her bite."

Henry Barnard School; Choir 3a—4b; Ingleside Club 3b, Vice-President 4b, Treasurer; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 2a—4b; Pianist Freshman Choir 4a; Business Board of Class Book 4b.

Why are you sarcastic, "Flo"? Have you been disappointed in love, or is it put on? We're inclined to think the latter. Even though you wear your brown locks primly turned about your head, you received not one vote for the most angelic. You'll be remembered for the jokes you told, the amount you ate, and your recitation, "At the Baseball Game."

RUTH JUSTER
"Ruthie"

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Washington Street School; Girls' League 3a—4b; Athletic Association 3a—4b; Girls' Business Club 3b, 4a.

Quite a few of the class think you're quiet, because they don't hear of you very often, but they'd feel quite different if they could but hear you in the Senior Civics Class holding long, soulful conversations with—but you know whom we mean. You're another one of that mob who are letting their bobbed hair grow.

SAMUEL KAPLAN
"Shrimp"

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be!"

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

"Sammy", so dainty and demure, is one of those quiet beings so rare in Room 227. But we are agreed that sometimes looks speak volumes where words fail, and that tends to prove that "Sammy's" just got "heaps" inside of him. It's always the quiet ones we miss the most, anyway, and oh! how many have blessed him for being a good listener. We'll wake up some day and find our silent little "Sammy" way up in the world. Just give him a ladder!

SARA I. KAPROVE
"Sally"

"The world shall listen then
As I am listening now."

H. P. H. S. Athletic Association 4b; Girls' League 4b; French Club 4b.

Only a little while have you been with us, Sara, and as you're not over-hilarious, it's hard to know what you're really like. Well, there's one thing that we can say, and that is that you don't make so much noise as the rest of the females around you, and that's the height of originality.

KATHERINE M. KEARNS
"Kay"

"A pert little miss with eyes of blue,
A speck of salt, and some pepper too!"

Northwest School; French Club 3b, Executive Committee 4a, President 4b; Dramatic Club 4a, Librarian 4b; Glee Club 4a, Assistant Librarian 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Student Council 2b; Circulation Board of "Lookout" 3b, 4a; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a and 4b; "Whiteheaded Boy" 4b; Reception Committee 4b.

Poor abused "Kay"! Always getting slammed by someone, never at peace with the world. And how you can talk—gosh! You think yourself quite a little heart breaker too, don't you? But as usual the "one you loved didn't love you" and so. Do Exeter and Suffield Prep Schools mean anything to you, "Kay"? We wonder.

SADIE KOSTIN
"Syd"

"Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more."

Northeast School; Choir; Ingleside Club; Girls' Business Club; Weaver Girls' League; Athletic Association.

That such a quiet little girl as "Syd" should sit across from the noisiest girl in the class without getting contaminated seems almost miraculous. But such was the case, and so "Syd" went on her sweet, solemn way, unmolested. If she can do that, she will surely be able to resist plenty in her later life. Aren't we right?

PHELPS M. LANE.

"All I ask is the heaven above
And the road below me."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Boys' Leaders' Corps 2a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

Some people are naturally quiet, and retired, yet it has often been remarked that one says more by being silent, than all the noisy "know-it-alls" about school.

FRANK J. LANG

"It's here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand."

Northwest School; Junior Usher; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Class Orator.

One would never think that a fellow could have two natures, so different and yet each so distinct. At school, we see only the serious side of Frank. We see only the quiet, thoughtful boy, going his own way in silence, but respected by all for his personality and scholastic record. It's outside of school, with the fellows, that Frank throws off that air of restraint and becomes a regular fellow. Ask any one—he's right there!

DOROTHY I. LAY
"Dot" "Period"

"Content to follow when we lead the way."

Northwest School; Glee Club 1b—4b; Athletic Association 2a—4a; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b, Vice-President and Treasurer 4b; Choir 3a—4b.

"Dot's" the type of girl who never has much to say, but when there's work to be done, it pays to be able to keep silent. Those who know "Dot", realize how many hours she has spent in Room 102, working for the good of everyone. It is superfluous to add that we know she will succeed in the line of work she has chosen. However, "Dot", go easy, for girls never work so well after they get "that certain diamond!"

FRED C. LEONARD
"Ted"

"Late, late so late! but ye can enter still,
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

Northwest School; Boys' Club 4a and 4b; Junior Usher; Boys' Business Club 4a and 4b.

Is "Ted" optimistic? Well, we wonder! It is well we remember in grammar school when "Ted" was a young "devil," but all we ever see of his "devilment" now, is an occasional black-eye. He has a peculiar genius for getting on the wrong side of teachers, and also for collecting various kinds of demerits. With your gift for throwing books and notes across the room when a certain Latin teacher forbids you permission to talk, you'd make a valuable addition to any basketball squad!

Phelps M. Lane

Frank Lang

Fred Leonard

"Walt" Loeffler

Squeeze Macauley

WALTER M. LOEFFLER, JR.
"Walt"

"A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes—."

Bloomfield High School; Athletic Association 3a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Rifle Team 3a, 3b, Captain 4a; Football 3b, 4a; Leaders' Corps.

Yes, this is "Walt", that courteous, smiling, handsome youth that can be found in the Library almost any afternoon. We cannot say whether "Walt's" frequent visits to the Library are in pursuit of knowledge, or of a certain little junior Librarian. However, it is certain that "Walt" makes these trips, but we don't see many A's on his report card. "Walt" has also voiced his intention to take a P. G., which again arouses our suspicions, and sends Old Lady Gossip upon another destructive journey. Never mind "Walt"; let gossip say what she may, we know you as the real scout that you are.

ESTHER E. LUTIN
"Teddy"

"Goodness is beauty,
In its best estate."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b, Executive Committee 3b.

When we think of "Teddy" Lutin, we simultaneously think of Spain and Spanish—not because she is Spanish, but because many times we have seen the highest exam mark in Spanish with "Teddy's" name after it. Let's hope you take a trip around the world sometime, "Teddy", so that you may astonish the Spaniards by your fluency in their native tongue. Don't forget to tell them then, that it was with the famous class of '27A that you graduated!

LOUISE E. MACAULEY
"Squeeze"

"And thus Louise, though her station was humble
Passed through this sad world, without even a grumble."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b; Choir 3a—4b; Basketball Team 2b.

"Squeeze" likes a good time with the rest of us, as many of us know. She's a good sport, and we like to have her around. Like others in our midst, she has a keen appetite. Perhaps the fact that she has so much to eat, is the reason she is so optimistic. At any rate, she's jolly; no matter the cause of her joviality. We've heard, also, that "Squeeze" enjoys sleigh-rides with certain light-headed (?) chaps! What can you say for yourself, "Squeeze"?

ROBERT L. MACAULEY
"Bob"

"With the strength of ten and forty ways to use it."

Northwest School; Football Squad 2a—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a and 4b; Boys' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b.

O, "Bob", why are you such a big, strong, handsome brute? It seems cruel that so many girls are going to be heartbroken the day you settle down for life, with "the one and only." And say, "Bob", we'll never forget how during one of the football games you carried out one by one, strong able-bodied football players. How the mighty throng gasped at the display of such Herculean strength, and to a man loudly cheered "Mac-cauley!" Still, "Bob", you'll never realize how perfectly angelic you looked when you used to take short "snoozes" in that Geology class.

DORA R. MANCINI
"Dolores"

"Words without thoughts never to heaven go."
Driggs Grammar School, Waterbury, Conn.; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4a; Girls' Leaders' Corps 2b, 4b; Leaders' Corps' Carnival 3b; Girls' League Revue 3b.
You certainly used to be hoarse after those football games, didn't you, "Dolores"? And the only time we ever heard of your being quiet was when you used to go home in a certain "house-mover's" car. Do you know you can call some people "honey" in the sweetest voice, but of course, that depends on the time and circumstances, doesn't it?

CLARA MEISELMAN

"We must reap as we have sown
And take the dole we deal."

Arsenal School; Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 3a—4a; Athletic Association 2a—3b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Ingleside Club 2b—3a; Classical Club 3a—4a.
When we think of Clara, we think of Latin. We just naturally picture a Latin book in her hand, and Clara, puckering her brow in persual of some elusive word! But never mind, Clara. You usually manage to find it. Isn't that right? But we know more of Clara. She has an umbrella complex! You'd better ask her about it!!

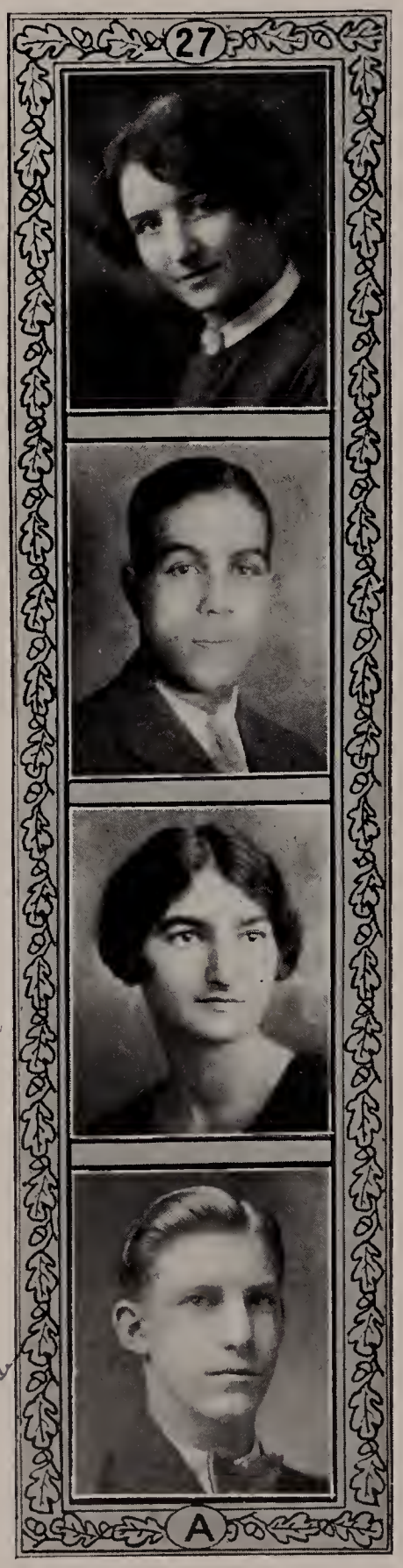
EVELYN MEISELMAN
"Pansy"

"Enjoyment stops where indolence begins."
Arsenal School; Upper Class Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 3a—4b; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Business Club 2b—3b; Classical Club 3a—4b.
We'd like to make "Pansy" blush, but we think she'd consider it too much of a job. "Pansy" thinks that the one who invented work should have finished it, and her favorite expression begins with "Gimme." How's the boy friend, "Pansy"? Does he ever take you motorcycle riding since he sold his car, or didn't you know he sold it?

GERTRUDE MILLER
"Trudy"

"Let thy words be few,
Every why hath a wherefore."

Arsenal School; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Ingleside Club 3b, 4a; Business Club 3b—4b.
Well, "Gert", we must say we like that gentle laughter of yours in the French class, and the way you pronounce French names! Remember that once you got the highest test mark for the marking period? Bet that wasn't a grand and glorious feeling, what? And how about your tenses? Will you ever forget how to say, "I left my notebooks up in my room."



KATHERINE E. MORIARTY
"Kay"

"I'm sure work's an enemy of life."

Saint Patrick's School; Business Club 3b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Supper 4b.

Well, "Kay"! Looks certainly are deceiving! You'd never think to look at you in school, so quiet, that you were such a "little devil" outside! One surely has a good time with you. And 'member, "Kay", don't go walking in the "profound" snow, will you? We hope that when you're working, if the fire alarm rings, you'll not leave your work, and scurry to the fire! And don't sit near that movie-box again at the Lenox!

RAYMOND A. MORRIS
"Ray"

"Still to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast."

Arsenal School; Choir 1a—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Glee Club 2a—4b; Orchestra 2a—4b; President and Pianist of Glee Club 4b; Assistant Manager Basketball 3a, 3b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Entertainment Committee 4a, 4b; Assistant Business Manager of the Class Book 4b.

Here is a real nice chap, and talented, too! Ask us if he can play the piano or the bass viol, and see what we say! Everyone of us will enthusiastically proclaim his proficiency along these lines. He is always the same, too; agreeable, obliging, and an all-around good sport. We can truthfully say that we expect to hear great things of him in a few years.

BERTHA MORSE
"Bert"

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But she'll do more, Sempronius, she'll deserve it."

Morris High School, New York City; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3b, 4b; Art-Crafts Club 3a, Secretary 3b, President 4b; "Lookout" Editorial Board 3b, Assistant Editor 4b; First Scholarship Prize Junior Year.

Bertha is what we term "a good kid!" She's always ready to help anyone out with anything, and can she make posters! Well, we wonder! We didn't know Bertha had so much dramatic talent until she impersonated the "Pied Piper." She can act him, paint him, read him, 'n everythin'.

PAUL L. PAULSEN
"Plop"

"Singing with the ease of breathing!"

Northeast School; Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 2b—4b, Secretary 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Rifle Club 3b—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

Paul proved himself quite a songbird in our Glee Club. We wonder, "Ouiji," will you ever forget that tenor section and the tenor quartet? To get back to more common affairs, Paul is one of our more independent fellows. He does what he likes, when, or where he likes; and this applies to his homework especially. With a little more effort, and less deviating from the straight and narrow path, we might expect more serious work from you. We all surely wish you luck in your musical career.

WILLIAM S. PETERSON
"Bill"

"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden!"

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

"Bill" is an exact personification of bashfulness; we mean where girls are concerned. At least, he appears that way, but perhaps we are mistaken! Who knows? The boys seem to be laughing and talking when he is around, so perhaps he is just "girl-shy!" We like his occasional wise-cracks, and also enjoy seeing his familiar face quite often in the lobby of a local theatre! This is one place where the boys have the lead on the girls, in knowing him.

M. GRACE PRESTON
"Gracie"

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind—
As in the whole world thou cans't find."

Northwest School; Girls' League 3a—4b; Athletic Association 3b—4b; "Lookout" Staff 3b.

"Gracie" is a peach! Many are the good times we have had with her. Do you remember, Grace, the times at the Lenox, which theatre we helped to support? How about the rubbers, size 14? We hate to start mentioning Grace's "armours," because there are so many whom we should have to slight. But Grace will always hold a place in our hearts, and we shall always delight in hearing her laugh! !

FRANCES A. RAU
"Smiles" "Fran"

"There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like thee."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; French Club 3b, Secretary 4a, President 4b; Choir 2b—4b; C. H. L. S. 3b—4b; "Lookout" 3b, Assistant Editor 4a, Editor 4b; Dramatic Club 3b, Librarian 4a, Vice-President, Treasurer 4b; Girls' League 2b—4b, Treasurer 4a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3b—4b, Secretary 4a, President 4b; Head Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a and 4b; Head Usher, "Then and Now," 4b; Editor of Class Book 4b; Chairman Pin and Ring Committee 4a; Student Council 1a—2b; Scholarship Prize, Junior Year.

A good friend, a good pal, a good sport! And Oh what a smile! When "Smiles" appears on the scene the rest of the girls fade into oblivion—and yet think not that her heart lies in Weaver (though she fools much of the masculine element into thinking it does) for there are colleges too numerous to mention which claim a part of it. "Smiles" has a weakness for football players and rainy nights hold an untold appeal for her.

DOROTHY I. REINHOLDZ
"Dotty"

"My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given."

Northwest School; Girls' League 3a—4b; Athletic Association 3b—4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b; C. H. L. S. 4a, Vice-President and Treasurer 4b; Second Scholarship Prize 3a, 4a; Waitress at Boys' Club Supper 4a; Science Prize 2b; Salutatorian; Class Essayist.

"Dotty" sure handed us a giant surprise when she adorned her left hand. She always appeared like a very quiet girl, and even was unknown to some members of the class. But then, you never can tell! You must consider November a lucky month for you, "Dot." Salutatorian, Essayist, and a diamond ring, all in this same month!

RICHARD W. REPPERT
"Dick"

"Jests—brain fleas that jump about among the slumbering ideas."

Northwest School; Honor Roll; Producing Group of Dramatic Club 4b; Junior Usher; Boys' Club 4a and 4b; Tennis Team 4a; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Radio Club 2a—4a; Student Council 1b; Prophet 4b; Assistant Editor of "Chronicle" 4b; Editorial Board of Class Book 4b.

O, "Dickie" boy, would that we might tell all we know about you! But you'll have to come around some time and get the information privately. Have you any recollection of a certain night when you frantically beseeched, "Don't take me home"—and O boy, how it was raining! How does it seem to be prophet? Have the red-headed charms of the prophetess taken effect yet? O, well, that comes later and who's gonna have those brown eyes? Will you ever realize that a pun is the poorest form of wit?

LILLIAN S. RODENSKY
"Lill"

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Ingleside Club 4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Suppers 4a and 4b.

You always seem so contented, "Lill", we don't think you envy a person in this whole, wide world. But then, why should you? Those fraternity dances and those whirlwind "court"-ships on the Keney Park tennis courts satisfy you supremely and so—You'll make some one a sweet little wife some day, "Lill", with those forlorn A's in Home Economics.

BEATRICE ROMANSKY
"B"

"A mind at peace with all below
A heart whose love is innocent."

Northeast School; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b; Ingleside Club 3a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b.

"B" is one of those girls who have ever before them the thought of reducing. You might think she needed it! Between that, and keeping her hair in a respectable condition, she has her hands full. "B" has a cute little giggle, and her pet hobby is jumping from the platform in Room 227! It may be a reducing exercise!

BENJAMIN ROSENTHAL
"Ben"

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

Benjamin is one of the members of our class who is conspicuous by his silence. Few know him, even by sight, but that is not a fault. If there were more of the silent type, and less of the boisterous type, the demerit slips might be fewer in number. We hope that even though you're silent, "Ben", you won't think unkindly of the more boisterous ones, nor think that their wishes for you aren't the best.

IRVING H. ROSENTHAL
"Izzy"

"For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought."

Brown School; Athletic Association 3a, 3b; Commercial Club 4b; Boys' Club 4a; Choir 4a, 4b.

Irving didn't get the class vote for the "silliest," but everyone seems agreed that he did his share of giggling and more. At any rate, whenever an elucidating remark boomed forth as if coming from a tomb, we all knew Irving was spouting some of his rare thoughts. Well, Irving, even though we're waxing ironical, you can always console yourself with the thought that you're all right; the world's wrong.

MARION RUTT

"We arouse in others the attitude we hold towards them."

Alfred E. Burr School; Girls' League 2b—4b, Executive Committee 4a, Cheerleader 3b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Upper Choir 2b—4b; French Club 3a—4b, Executive Committee 4a; C. H. L. S. 3a—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 3a—4b; Girls' Basketball Team 4a; "Owlet" Reporter 3a; "Lookout", Assistant Editor 3b, Managing Editor 4a; Class Book Board 4b.

Marion has certainly livened up our Girls' League suppers by her unsurpassable cheerleading, and it was partly through her efforts that the C. H. L. S. made the Boys' Debating Club give girls credit for knowing where to talk and what to talk about. Marion also knows her "stuff" when it comes to basketball!

FLORENCE B. SAVITT
"Flo"

"Well, there is yet one day of life before me,
And whatsoe'er betide, I will enjoy it."

Central High School, Springfield, Mass.; Choir 2b—4b; Glee Club 4b; Ingleside Club 2b—3b, Treasurer 3a, President 3b; Business Board of Class Book; Athletic Association 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Waitress at Boys' Club Supper 4a.

Although "Flo" didn't like it very well because she had to graduate with us, we're not so sorry, ourselves. We like to see her working, and above all, at that bookkeeping! What would "Flo" be without the first fifteen minutes? "Flo" has had many "affairs," and by the amount of her mail, we should judge that the first one lasts till the last one's over. The last one we heard of was rather "Foxey!"

RALPH E. SCHLATTER

"He loved his friends, forgave his foes,
And spared his fellow-men."

Northwest School; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Glee Club 2b—4b; Orchestra 3a—4b.

Here's another reason why the class of '27A is a good class. And can he sing! We wonder! If you want to spend an enjoyable hour, or as long as Ralph's willing, ask him to sing for you. ("School Days" is his specialty.) If you don't think it's perfect, you're not human! We're surely glad you're graduating with us, Ralph, and we hope that when you're a great success you'll not forget to remember a few members of our class and think kindly of them.

LEONARD R. SCHOENFELD
"Len"

"May heaven its choicest blessings send,
On such a man and such a friend."

Northwest School; Weaver Debating Club 4a, 4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 4b.

"Lenny" is a nice, quiet chap. We all know he is a gentleman through and through. He doesn't say much, but we feel he's the sort that proves:

"Hearts of the great beat never loud;
They muffle their music as they go."

We expect to see "Lenny" a great man some day. So here's to you, old boy!

LEONARD SELITZKY
"Lennie"

"Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Northeast School; Glee Club 2a—3b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Classical Club 3a and 3b; Choir 2a—4b; Dramatic Club 3b—4b, "The Mourner" 3b, "The Whiteheaded Boy" 4b, President 4b; French Club 3a—4b, President 3b and 4a; Pin and Ring Committee 4a; Assistant Editor of Class Book 4b; President of Senior Class 4b; Debating Club 3a and 3b, Vice-President 3b; "Owlet" Board Weaver Section 2b and 4a; Assistant Editor 3a; "Lookout" Make-up Editor 3b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b, Vice-President 4a.

Gaze ye long and affectionately upon this, the Caesar of our class. He came, he saw, he conquered, might easily be the system upon which "Lennie" works, and this applies not only to studies and school activities, but also to the girls. O, yes, this popular chap has been the object of much attention on the part of certain young ladies whose eyes look somewhat doleful at times when "Lennie" is so busy with other things that he finds no time for such frivolities as mere women and yet we've heard that underneath that calm exterior, he is not so blase.

LLOYD R. SMITH
"Sunshine"

"'Tis the greatest folly,
Not to be jolly,
That's what I think."

Northwest School; "Lookout" Circulation Board 3a—4b; Boys' Commercial Club 3a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Junior Usher.

Isn't it too bad that there was no prize for the "sheikiest," because then Lloyd would have taken first prize. We base our assertions on the trolley ride home from the Electric Light Plant. 'Member? The saying that "looks deceive" certainly applies to Lloyd; for the benefit of the ignorant, Lloyd has been an Honor Roll student many times. Here's luck to you, Lloyd. We hope you'll find as much enjoyment in your work as you've found in your classes!

NORMAN SMYTH
"Jinx"

"Cuckoo, shall I call thee a bird?"

Northwest School; Dramatic Club 4a, 4b; Boys' Leaders' Corps 3a—4a; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Athletic Association 2a—4b; Rifle Club 4b.

Perhaps you can fool some people, Norman, but all your idiosyncrasies are clear to us. "Norm" is one of those who think that the world is continually looking for some way to play him "dirty." A bit more ambition, and a little less bluffing is what is needed in your case. We hear it said that you also rate as one of our biggest borrowers. Snap out of it, "Norm"! You are made of better things than you show us!

SYLVIA SPALTER
"Syl"

"And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect, and her eyes."

Wethersfield Grammar School; Art-Crafts Club 3b, Treasurer 4a, Vice-President and Treasurer 4b; Athletic Association 3b—4b; Girls' League 3b—4b; Dramatic Club Producing Group 4b; Ingleside Club 3b—4b.

"Syl" is another one of our artists. Her posters have adorned many a wall. Do you remember, "Syl," the night you took the Yellow Cab home and we poor mortals looked on? We have accidently found notes which "Syl" has negligently left around, and one read, "Eyes like burning coals of fires!" "Syl," "Syl", please go more slowly. We'd hate to cheat the other fellows like that.

MARION V. ST. JOHN

"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' League 3b—4b; Student Council 1a—2b; Ingleside Club 3b; C. H. L. S. 3a; Choir 3a—4b.

You really are awfully cute Marion, but you mustn't get any more conceited, because we told you so. You've caused quite a havoc among some masculine hearts, but even a bearskin coat fails to impress you. You are one of the few girls who has rejected the attentions of a football player and seem to prefer writing to a junior in Georgetown, rather than exerting your charms upon a mere junior at Weaver. Be careful about going to the Palace on Sunday nights, though—someone might tell!

MARSHALL M. ST. JOHN
"Saint"

"The lazy man aims at nothing and generally hits it."

Saint Thomas Seminary; Athletic Association 3b, 4a and 4b; Boys' Club 3b, 4a and 4b; Boys' Commercial Club 4b.

And, ladies and gentlemen, in this corner of the room we have "Saint", the fellow who has laziness down to a science. What a very close run you gave your opponent for that "much coveted" title, "Laziest." We know that you feel badly—better luck next time. And yet you have ambition enough to have your spare evenings taken up by a blue-eyed damsel to whose wiles you have proven susceptible. You don't mind conversing with others of the fair sex in the corridors before school, though. Do you? But perhaps you're only telling them that you "gotta date."

GERALDINE F. SULLIVAN
"Gerry"

"When I think, I must speak!"

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 2a, 2b; Ingleside Club 3a—4b.

"Gerry" is the type of girl who will make a neat little wife when she grows up. She is inclined to be a bit sarcastic, but we don't like to think she means everything she says. "Gerry" seems to shine during the winter up at the pond, but perhaps it is because we don't see so much of her in the summer, or something. We're telling everyone, though, that the final winner is a lucky fellow.

Marion St. John

Marshall St. John

Gerry Sullivan

RUTH E. SULLIVAN

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know."

Northwest School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Girls' Leaders' Corps 2a, 2b, 4a, 4b; Girls' Business Club 3a—4b.

Ruth is surely full of fun! We just couldn't picture her as a real nun when we saw her in "Then and Now"! It didn't seem to fit in with what we know of her. We like to see Ruth at work in the schedule room; she handles the cards so deftly, and we believe that it is through her that we get either the good classes or the not so good! Too bad "the" boy-friend left to work in a bank, Ruth, but there are others just as good, so look around a bit!

DANIEL J. TASILLO
"Dan"

"Oh Love! has she done this to me?
What shall, alas! become of me?"

Chauncey Harris School; Producing Group of Dramatic Club 4b; Boys' Club 3b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Radio Club 3b—4b; Reception Committee; H. P. H. S. Tech Club 3a.

Saturday night walks aren't so bad if one has something "light" with him. Are they? Despite the fact that "Dan" seems to have acquired quite a reputation as a discriminating connoisseur of blondes, we're afraid we're rather skeptical and are awaiting the unexpected. We don't hear much from him in Room 227, but we do hear that his outside activities are—Well, aren't they? Good luck to you, "Dan." A fellow with your dignity and nicety of selection ought to get somewhere.

MARJORIE E. TAYLOR
"Tommy"

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

Burlington Junior High; Athletic Association 4b; Girls' League 3b—4b; School Revue 3b; Leaders' Corps 4a, 4b; Basketball 3b, 4a, Captain 4a.

"Tommy" joined us rather late, but she certainly "fell into the crowd." We wonder how many basketball games the girls might have lost if it weren't for "Tommy's" graceful shots. If one wishes a loyal booster of Weaver at all the games—'tis "Tommy." Now when it comes to the boys, "Tommy" is there. Oh yes, you'd be surprised.

VINCENT E. TURLEY
"Bingie"

"If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a and 4b; Commercial Club 4b; Basketball, Letter Man 4a.

"Bingie", why will you persist in doing eccentric things like speeding through Poquonock with "that red-headed gal" and spending the evening at Carnivals in Windsor? We warn you now that if you wish to have your secrets kept as such, avoid the above mentioned two from this day on. Is it possible that you realize how perfectly stunning you look in a fur coat? Would that you might wear it playing basketball. Just a final word about those nice girls in your English Class. I don't see how you could ever bear to leave them to go to New York even for two days. They weren't all beautiful and blondes, either, were they? Recollect that little brunette but sh-h!

EDWARD J. VERRILLO
"Ed"

"I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Junior Usher; Treasurer of Senior Class.

"Ed", the shark of the Physics class, and the terror of the Algebra examples is at last leaving the field of battle with many honors conferred on him. Whenever anyone asked "Ed" what he received on a test, he invariably answered F48. But we knew better. Sad was the day when "Eddie" received below 90 in Physics and Chem! Well just keep up that work "Ed" and you'll get somewhere in life that's worth while!

HARRY L. WEINSTEIN

"The purpose of speech is to be understood."

Northwest School; French Club 4a, 4b; Classical Club 4a, 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b; "Lookout" 4a, Circulation Manager 4b; Debating Club 3b, 4a, 4b, President 4a.

We can all assure you that the "joy" of attending classes was much heightened by Harry's intelligent remarks. What would we have done without all the brilliant discussions that Harry started? And those debates with Mr. Burke when Aeneas was left to wander in lonely solitude through fresh, unused pages! At any rate, his translations would have told Virgil something he hadn't known before. All the same, we shan't forget that debate in which Harry starred for us, and his inconspicuous, but good work on the "Lookout" Boards. Was your intellectual aristocracy a "dream," too, Harry? May all your dreams come true, be they about the futures of nations, or certain charming damsels.

HARRY WEISENBERG

"Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice—."

Northeast School; Athletic Association 1a—4b; Boys' Club 4a, 4b.

Harry is another who helps to balance our class. With his help, the noisy ones are counteracted, and made a good class out of what might be an exceedingly noisy one. We can't tell you any of Harry's "secrets," because we don't know any of them. He keeps them all to himself, and once in a while we fancy he's smiling at his memories, but he proceeds without disclosing them! We don't hold it against you, however, Harry.

IRINA A. WHALEY
"Rina"

"So didst thou travel in life's common way in cheerful godliness."

Northeast School.

Even though we never heard much from "Rina", we all knew she was an "awfully nice" girl, always ready with a sweet and cheerful smile. Weren't you? And we all know those help a lot. "Rina" is growing up into one of those quiet, mouselike creatures, who never make any noise, but who are absolutely necessary for the machinery of things. We're glad we've had you with us, "Rina", and we have all sorts of good wishes for your future.

Edward Verrillo

MILDRED A. WHITNEY
"Mil"

"Here let us sit and let the strains
Of soft music creep into our ears."

Hartsdale, N. Y., Grammar School; Girls' League 3a, 3b, 4a, 4b; Ingleside Club 3b; Athletic Association 1a—4b.

Mildred has permanent ripples in her hair, and we can assure you that the variety of ripples she produces on the piano makes her a young lady much in demand. We're certain she'll play her way to fame some day. There's an air of mystery about "Mil", too. We've heard something about skating partners and such like; and we just adore mustached heroes. Don't you?

MARGUERITE T. WISSEL
"Monnie" "Just"

"Kindness in men, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love."

Northeast School; Glee Club 2b—4b; Choir 2b—4b; Girls' League 2b—4b; Athletic Association 1a—4b.

"Monnie's" giggle is her chief asset! Many are the times in the French class we have been reminded of a young hen cackling, but in spite of that, we like to have her near us in the class. She makes it half-way interesting. How about that girl's funny face? Is that anyone special, "Monnie"? 'Member the time you first wrote "Just" on the board? Too bad, "Monnie", your charms didn't work in your class, but you needn't take it to heart because we all agree that your choices in the lower class are nice!

ALBA I. ZIZZAMIA
"Al"

"One who knows much has many cares."

Northwest School; Student Council 2a; Dramatic Club 3a—4b, "Mourner" 3b, Vice-President and Treasurer 4a, "The Whiteheaded Boy" 4b; C. H. L. S. 3a, Secretary 3b, President 4a; "Chronicle" Board 3a, 3b, Weaver Editor 4a and 4b; Girls' League 2b, Secretary 3a and 3b, Vice-President 4a, President 4b; Classical Club 3b, 4b; Pin and Ring Committee 4a; Athletic Association 4b; Choir 2b—4b; Scholarship Prizes Four Years; Historian 4b; Valedictorian.

When we become very old, and have cultivated a hoary and sanguine appearance, we will remember at least one vivid figure of our care-free high school career; a happy individual, who acquired 4 A's with no exertion at all, and yet rejoiced with us if we got one "C"; a girl who headed our Girls' League, made our class famous for brilliancy, and could speak the Irish brogue like a native; a girl who spoke to everyone as a friend, and possessed not only honor and loyalty, but was an excellent scholar; a girl whom we were proud to know and love as—our Alba.

Graduation Program

Marche de la Cloche (Delibes)—The Orchestra

Salutatory.....*Dorothy Ingeborg Reinholdz*

A Winter Night.....*Rella Rose Himmelblau*

Why We Read Novels.....*Edward John Verrillo*

These I Have Loved.....*Ethel Mary Dooley*

Ethiopian Dance (Delibes)—The Orchestra

Current Stupidities.....*Isadore Garber*

Joy of the Hills.....*Virna Doris Gunther*

To Love the Game Beyond the Prize.....*Lloyd Runnalls Smith*

Valedictory.....*Alba Isabel Zizzamia*

Valse Mignonne (Drigo)—The Orchestra

Presentation of Diplomas.....Mr. Fred D. Wish, Superintendent of Schools

Class Night Program

Address of Welcome.....*Leonard Selitzky*

Piano Selections.....*Katherine Mary Kearns*

Legende (Paderewski)
Br'er Rabbit (MacDowell)

Oration.....*Frank Joseph Lang*

Essay.....*Dorothy Ingeborg Reinholdz*

Class Song.....*The Class*

Words by Clara and Evelyn Meiselman
Music by Raymond Augustus Morris

History.....*Alba Isabel Zizzamia and Isadore Garber*

Vocal Selections—Sea Feaver (Ireland).....*Ralph Edward Schlatter*
Rolling down to Rio (German)

Accompanied by Raymond Augustus Morris

Prophecy.....*Ethel Mary Dooley and Richard Walter Reppert*

Will.....*Richard Maine Hemenway*

School Song.....*The Class*

Words and Music by Rosalind Feldman, 1924B

Chairman's Address

SHAKESPEARE tells us that when the return of a victorious Roman general was expected from the field of battle, all the people climbed up to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, even to the very chimney-tops, and that they sat there the whole day long patiently awaiting him. When he arrived, drawn along in his chariot, the river trembled underneath her bank with the noise of their acclaim. The general standing triumphantly in the midst of the mob received their homage and forgot the many weary hours spent in forced marches, forgot the tiresome days in which his phalanxes sweated blood to turn the tide of battle, and forgot the moments of suffering and suspense in silent anticipation of the outcome.

Just so have we attained our victory after four years of incessant struggle, during which we have studied hard, oftentimes painfully extracting our lessons while "the wandering moon" was "riding near her highest noon." This we now forget, also the royal skirmishes with our teachers over marks and demerits, resulting in ultimate defeat for us, and the moments of fear and dread before the final exam marks were released and we knew for a certainty that we should graduate. All that is past. Now is a time for rejoicing, a time which we shall always carry fresh in our memories as the culmination of the social side of our school life. We come here tonight not to show our knowledge gained painfully in the past four years, or to praise or criticise our teachers, or to express our regrets for leaving this our beautiful school. We are rather assembled here tonight as one large class to hear our historians and prophets proclaim aloud our past achievements and our future glories.

So we invite you, who have for four years watched us with patient expectation, to become one with us, to enter into the spirit of the night, and to enjoy with us the pleasures of the program. Parents, teachers, and friends, in the name of the Class of 1927A I extend you a hearty welcome.

LEONARD SELITZKY.

Class Oration

IS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE ?

THROUGHOUT the modern world there are a great many wonderful colleges and universities. They all lay their opportunities at our feet, and every year increasing numbers of students are taking advantage of these opportunities. Why then, should people be asking, "Is college worth while?" Simply because opportunities are not enough. They must be coupled with the right attitude on the part of the students; and that depends on the individual. Since we, as individuals, are considering going to college, let us see tonight how we may make the next four years contribute to possible future success.

Our business men find three faults with the average modern college graduate. First, they say that there are a great many graduates who seem to have the idea that they know all that there is to know. They are unwilling to take the advice of the older business men. They are unwilling to start at the bottom and work up. They have the idea that they are qualified to start at the top. There is perhaps nothing which irritates a business man more, than to have a youth try to tell him how to run his firm. Yet many graduates have tried to do this very thing and as a result they have lost their positions.

If we have an increased knowledge we should be humble about it. Suppose a man starts a radio business and thinks he knows all there is about the manufacture of radios. As the business progresses, he finds himself face to face with many little questions which he cannot solve. Finally he realizes that his knowledge is not so complete as he thought it was. What attitude is he going to take now? If he is the right sort of man, he will put a proportion of his time on a more complete study until he has mastered the business. Then he will help those under him to become masters. Fortunately there are some college graduates who are of this type.

They do not try to show their superiority. They show by the results of their work, that they have a full knowledge of the business.

Business men also say that the college man is unwilling to work hard after four years of comparative leisure. When he leaves college, his superiors expect him to work hard for at least eight hours a day and, if necessary, a few hours overtime. If he is really desirous of increasing his wisdom, he should attend evening educational classes and do considerable reading. Unfortunately many college men will not do these things, because in college a few hours of study outside of class was the only work which they were forced to do. They were able to spend more time on pleasure than on work.

There has always been a good deal of question as to whether or not they have any reason for not working hard in college. In the student circles of one of our greatest universities, it has been pointed out that since the war there has been a tendency to place many obstacles in the way of the student who really wants to learn. The first of these obstacles, they say, was the over-emphasis on athletics. The second is the gay life of certain groups of undergraduates which is endangering their health and their grades. The third, and the greatest, is the bootlegger. These are three facts which they called obstacles. I cannot see how these can possibly be classed as obstacles. We can see that anyone with a little power to control himself could overcome the last two without difficulty. As for the over-emphasis on athletics, the successful college student does not necessarily have to devote all his time to intense study. Every school has a varied field of athletics. Everyone can take part in sports, if he will only remember that there is a limit to everything. It is the fault of the student if he devotes more time to sports than to study.

The third objection is that the college man has not made a definite preparation for his life-work. He has spent four years in studying the subjects which appealed to him and not those which he needed in later years. He might just as well have given up college and started to work. Many executives think that a boy who starts at the bottom and works up, learning the fundamentals

of the business, is by far better off than if he had gone to college and studied along the wrong line. Business men are demanding that a man have a complete knowledge of the business before he can obtain a high position.

A large proportion of college students do not realize the importance of deciding their life-work definitely until they have started out on the journey of life. It is then that they see their mistake, when it is too late to correct it. But to counter-balance these, there are many other students who have made a wonderful success of their college career. These are the people who have started with a definite idea in mind. They decided their life-work upon entering the institution. They worked faithfully and were willing to take advice. They have a complete understanding of their line of business. These people eventually have the first choice of the highest positions, because they are just the type of person the world needs and wants.

It is indeed unfortunate for a university to have a group of students who do not want to learn. Today there is evidence that the colleges are beginning to realize the necessity of eliminating these people. A time will come, and it may not be far off, when the requirements for entrance into our institutions will become very difficult, and only those who really want to acquire wisdom will be able to fulfill them.

But after all, the question on which I have spoken, "Is college worth while?" can be answered only by each individual. We can make our college years an everlasting benefit to us or we can make them a waste of time and money. So the real question is, which are we going to do?

FRANK J. LANG, *Orator.*

Class Essay

THOSE FORDS !

WHEN people talk of their "cars"—you know what I mean, Willys-Knight, Chrysler, Rolls-Royce, or anything but a Ford—and tell you how smoothly they run, and what very little trouble they cause, mother always sighs with contentment and says, "Well, I think Fords are all right. They aren't classy, or exceptionally speedy, but they always get you there and bring you back." After such an ardent exclamation in favor of a Ford, one less optimistically inclined would love to burst out with, "They'll take you there in all ways, but if they get you back, you're lucky."

Indeed, as far as stubbornness goes, Fords fairly rival mules. On a beautiful, warm day, when you could just as well walk to your destination as ride, the Ford starts at the first attempt, but when the rain is pouring down in torrents and even the nearest trolley stop is far too distant for comfort, the old flivver absolutely refuses to utter a sound, and stands stubbornly fixed, not to be moved from the spot. Those Fords also have a queer way of running out of gas at the particular hours of eleven or twelve P. M., when it is most enjoyable to walk a mile or two to pull some sleepy garage keeper out of bed. And then those rushed mornings when there is a very slight possibility of "getting in on time!" How inevitably it happens that these are just the mornings when the opened gararge door reveals a flat tire! Have you ever heard of a case in which cranking was necessary that the crank didn't want to go the way the furious cranker was turning it and it jumped quickly back the other way, resulting in a few more dollars for the doctor? He, it seems, would make a comfortable living if he specialized in Ford victims.

But, despite these two hundred and eighty-nine more or less aggravating characteristics of a Ford, it is evident that the chief source of enjoyment for a good many people lies in the possession

of a flivver. In fact, there seems to be almost no limit to the number of people who derive enjoyment from one poor little Ford, for the highways are filled with seven-passenger Ford sedans, and four-passenger Ford coupes, to say nothing of the greater number who manage, in some way, to fasten themselves to the more open spaces of Ford touring cars and runabouts.

Yes, every highway sees Fords of many descriptions. There are clean Fords and muddy Fords; Fords that rattle, and Fords that squeak; new Fords and antique Fords; and every one carries a group of merry persons.

What is more delightful on a summer's morning than a ride in a Ford, over one of the few remaining, partially-deserted country roads, far from the noisy highways and the rush and rumble of life? Here one can roll along at an easy rate without fear of blocking traffic, or in any other way disturbing the drivers of large, aristocratic-looking cars. A splashing of mud merely adds to the enjoyment!

And in the winter, when drifts of snow are piled high, the faithful flivver isn't afraid to leave the snug garage. It pulls along without a fret.

But those of you who are experienced with Fords, and whose experience has proved none too gratifying—those of you who disagree with the little praise I have given those Fords—stop a minute and think how many tokens can be bought for the price of a gallon of gasoline, and how far those tokens will take a family of five. Also look back at that day last summer when you took that old flivver way up into the woods to your favorite lake, and spent the day fishing, to your heart's content. There were no plush or leather upholsterings spoiled with your dirty clothes, and if the fishing rod went through the back window it didn't matter a great deal. When you are tempted to get rid of the Ford because of some little loose screw or some unusual display of stubbornness on its part, just concentrate on its good points and calm yourself, for its sale will surely not make a noticeable increase to your bank account.

DOROTHY REINHOLDZ.

Class History

Characters—*Mr. Douglas,* a pompous, middle-aged gentleman with a sixteen-year-old daughter on his hands. He is a Weaver graduate, Class of 1927A; *Susie,* the saucy sixteen-year-old daughter, a student at Weaver.

Time—1955, at 11.30 P. M.

Place—The living room of the Douglas' house. Mr. Douglas is waiting impatiently for his daughter, an ominous, ill-fated report card in his hand. Little Susie comes tripping gaily into the room, perceives the threatening figure of her father, turns, and starts to step softly out again. She accidentally drops her purse, the father turns suddenly and—

Father—"Susan! ! ! !" (*Susan stops with a jerk and turns slowly.*)

Susie (*in a weak little voice*)—"Did you call me, Daddy?"

Father—"No! ! ! !" (*He stares angrily into space, and then, as Susie starts toward the door, removing hat and coat*)—"Come back here, young lady. What do you mean by trying to skip out on me like that? I'd like to have you know that when I'm talking to you, I—"

Susie—"Yes, sir. I was just going to see if you'd put the cat out."

Father—"Cat out! What are you worrying about the cat for? It's high time you were in bed. What do you mean by coming home so late? Where were you, anyway? Tell me that now."

Susie—"Why, I was—I was—why I've been—out!"

Father—"Out!"

Susie—"M-m. You know—out!"

Father—"Yes, I guess so. The Lenox again, eh? Didn't I tell you that the next time you came home late, I'd give you a good, old-fashioned spanking?" (*Susie starts to dodge.*)

Susie—"You — you — you didn't say the *next* time. Daddy. And besides, you wouldn't spank me, would you, Daddy? I

haven't been a very naughty girl. You know, one of the girls was telling me today that she thought I had the sweetest-tempered father."

Father (*wholly softened*)—"Well, was she now? Of course, you know I don't like to scold, Susie, but (*flaring again*) do you happen to realize that I've been waiting for you all evening?"

Susie (*sweetly*)—"Ah! You didn't have to do that, Daddy. I had my key and—"

Father—"I'm not talking about keys! I—" (*starts to shake fist and perceives report card.*) "I'd like to know what you think of that? Read it! Just read those marks!"

Susie (*very flustered*)—"A-a- 'C'—2 'D's' and an 'F.' I—I—"

Father—"There! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? To think that *my* daughter should get marks like that! What have you got to say for yourself? I suppose it was your teachers' fault again!"

Susie—"Yes, sir, you see I—"

Father—"I understand. And the same applies to the demerits, of course (*sarcastically*). Fifteen of them! Doubtless it was the girl next to you."

Susie—"Yes, Daddy. Why I *never* talk or giggle in class. Only when somebody talks to *me*, I have to answer 'em, don't I? And then *I* get the demerits for it."

Father—"I've heard that story for the past four years. I don't know what's the matter with you children. Why when *I* went to school—"

Susie—"Yes, Daddy. *You* were *real* wonderful. And besides, *you* were in the Class of 1927A and there's never been any class as good as *that* was."

Father (*drawing himself up proudly*)—"Well, I'll admit we were pretty good, and what we did, we did well. Why even—"

Susie—"Oh, Dad. You've told me that so many times."

Father—"Never mind! It'll do you good to hear it again."

Susie—"All right. Go ahead" (*resignedly*).

Father—"Why, even when we were Freshmen we were unusual. I remember we were in Hartford High that year. It was a nice, homey place. I don't think I shall ever forget the weird, homey creak in those old, wooden floors. Ah! Yes! But we weren't *ordinary* Freshmen."

Susie—"Nope, *you* were in a class by yourselves."

Father—"We didn't do any foolish things like knocking on doors, and—"

Susie—"No, but Grandpa said you almost got three demerits once for going walking in a free period."

Father (ignoring remark)—"Nor were we overawed by the superficial importance of the imposing Seniors. We studied hard, did splendid work, and—and—we were a credit to the school. What brilliant records we established!"

Susie (sarcastically)—"You established them all right. You were the Class of 1927A."

Father—"Ah! Freshmen! What happy reminiscences!" (*Pause.*)

Susie—"Well, Dad, after Lower Freshmen usually come the Upper Freshmen who have survived the terror of their first exams."

Father—"Yes, exams."

Susie—"No, Upper Freshmen."

Father—"Yes, Freshmen." (*He's still reminiscing.*)

Susie—"You were still in Hartford High, and you went to school from two to six, and then you went in the morning, and you sat on high stools, and your feet didn't reach the floor. That was in the manual-training department. And you studied in the auditorium and did all sorts of crazy things—just like that!"

Father—"Yes! That was a hectic semester. There was something of the spirit of adventure in it, too, for we never knew to what musty corners our classes would next be transferred. And studying in the auditorium! The slightest turn of the head was enough to bring a stern teacher down the aisle with three demerits in her pocket."

Susie—"Yes, Daddy, they're all the same, aren't they? I don't think teachers will ever change. *I* know. They stalk down the aisle and the first thing you get shot at you is 'Were you talking then?' And while you're gulping 'Report three demerits' hits you. O-o-h" (*with a groan*). "I know—How many of them did you get your sophomore year?"

Father—"Well-er—I-er—Well, I've been thinking, Susie, that the sophomore year is the most uneventful in high school life. The novelty of being high school students has worn off and we are not yet allowed to participate in school activities. It is a period of sophisticated boredom, when we must content ourselves with watching the so-called superior beings run things for us."

Susie—"You should have been a philosopher, Daddy—but—was the sophomore year of the Class of 1927A uneventful?"

Father—"Why—Why, I wouldn't say that. Didn't we enter Weaver? That was an episode. We were like lost sheep for a week or so, and all our themes were written on Weaver High. Why we—we did all sorts of things." (*With a sudden inspiration.*) "Nothing could dampen our youthful ardor, and we continued our good work, even though we *were* forced to sit back while others formed our clubs for us."

Susie (*in mock indignation*)—"Wasn't it a shame, Dad, that you brilliant people couldn't add your sparks of wit and genius to what they were doing! I'm sure they felt the lack of them. Doesn't it seem one of life's tragedies that sometimes the truly capable are kept in the background because they are considered too young and inexperienced. You know—"

Father—"Susie, you're getting irrelevant."

Susie (*meekly*)—"Yes, sir."

Father—"It seems one of the faults of this younger generation to be too facetious, too flippant."

Susie—"Yes, sir. You weren't all that, were you?"

Father—"No." (*Dreamily. He is gazing off into space thinking of his past youth. He sighs dreamily. Sue sighs boredly, perceives her father is "ten thousand miles away", and starts to slip softly out again. Dad "comes to" suddenly, and Susie slides into the nearest chair.*)

Father—"And then we entered the clubs." (*Waxing enthusiastic.*) "Believe me, we made things hum. All those clubs started to be something then. We brought them new life."

Susie—"I can just imagine. Lots of fun—that new life."

Father (*raving on*)—"The spirit of our class was wonderful. Everyone entered into the activities full of enthusiasm. Everyone pitched in and did his share to make those clubs a success. It was a spirit, infused through all the members, which animated the whole and gave life to the mass—"

Susie—"That sounds like Virgil—only worse. But what did all your wonderful clubs accomplish?"

Father—"Why didn't our Debating Club defeat the Choate School in our junior year, when members of our class were on the team?"

Susie—"O-o-o-h yes! Wasn't there some debate with a girls' team once? A-a-a literary society or something? That was in your junior year, too."

Father—"Oh! No doubt there was something of that sort, but—I don't quite remember it. There were quite a few of those minor———"

Susie—"I remember now. It was the C. H. L. S. It was quite a peppy club. And they won, didn't they? Yep, the girls won."

Father—"Did they? Say, how do you know all about this, anyway?"

Susie—"I found some of your old *Lookouts* in the trunk upstairs, and I read all about it."

Father—"Yes! *The Lookout!* What an enterprise that was! Three members of our class were editors of that paper."

Susie—"It *must* have been good. I was reading about an alligator in it—his name was Archie, wasn't it? A thoughtful, extraordinary sort of animal, with an inherent longing for hearth and home. How heroic their reporters must have been to dare even to brave wild beasts to get material for their paper. And you had *The Chronicle* then, too, didn't you, Daddy?"

Father—"I should say we did. There's nothing like having a school magazine, Susie, in which those who have any literary ability at all may have the opportunity to use it. And we surely must commend a magazine that has been in existence so long and has always interested the student body."

Susie—"Them's *my* sentiments prezactly." (*In a light, rather mocking tone*) "Just think how much a school magazine does to develop budding geniuses. Let me see, what author of today published his first article in *The Chronicle*?"

Father—"Susie! !"

Susie—"Yes, Daddy. What else was I reading in those famous old *Lookouts?* Something about Dramatic Club performances and things."

Father—"Ah! Yes! They gave two performances a year, and they *were* performances."

Susie—"And there was something about all the other clubs, too."

Father—"Of course. Wasn't I telling you that our Class made things hum? There was the French Club, and the Classical Club, and the Commercial Clubs, and oh all the rest. Weren't they the best ever under the leadership of members of our class?"

Susie—"If you say so."

Father—"Well!"

Susie—"And oh I was reading something about bazaars, too."

Father—"Why yes. Didn't the Art-Crafts and Ingleside Clubs give bazaars that made the world sit up and take notice?"

Susie—"I notice they were *girls* who did that."

Father—"And what about the Boys' Club? Wasn't it fine? We surely mustn't pass over that."

Susie (excitedly)—"O-o-h. And there was something about the Girls' League in those *Lookouts,* too. They were always popping up and doing something, weren't they? Wasn't there a Fashion Show, and a School Revue, and a sort of pageant—'Then and Now', or something to that effect? You weren't going to pass over the *Girls'* League, were you?"

Father (ignoring Susie)—"And our Rifle Club rated with the best in the country. What those boys accomplished! And then there were athletics, of course."

Susie—"Are you going to rave about those, too? Well, please don't. I read all about the football team growing beards and everything—all about the games you lost and those you won. You kept the middle path, didn't you? But Weaver wins all the time now. Our athletic field is hung with the trophies of the vanquished and——."

Father—"That athletic field! Why I remember when it was dedicated—parades across the field, speech-making, and all that sort of thing. It *was* an event. It all happened in our Upper Senior year."

Susie—"That's when things happen all in a bunch."

Father—"I should say so. Everything was rush and hurry. There was homework and other things—"

Susie—"Mostly other things."

Father—"227 surely did buzz. What good times we had in that room. What memories are connected with it! All sorts of things imaginable were done. I remember especially, the incident of a poor little cat that was transferred from desk to desk. And then, for a while, we had everyone going about spouting the Irish brogue. And there were pictures to be taken. Everyone was bringing in the likeness of his handsome self and that room was a regular rogues' gallery for a month. Oh! All sorts of things happened. Why we even had three rallies and a football dance, and there were two or three assemblies, too, to top it off."

Susie (who hadn't been listening)—"Oh! By the way, Dad. I have something to ask you. Our Student Council—"

Father (still thinking of his own school days)—"Student Council! Why it seems as though we *did* have one of those once, but I think it got lost somewhere in our sophomore year."

Susie—"M-m. Lost, strayed, or stolen, just like those twenty-minute study periods you were telling me about once."

Father—"Yes, that was one of the thorns in our happy existence—those twenty-minute study periods that were supposed to be, but weren't. By the way (*coming back to present day*) it would be a mighty fine thing if *you* had some of those. It might improve the appearance of this little white card. I don't know what I shall do to you, Susie, if you bring home another card like this."

Susie—"But you'll sign it, won't you, Daddy? I'll only get another demerit, if you don't."

Father—"Well, I will *this* time, but remember what I said!" (*Out he goes to sign the report card, leaving Susie alone.*)

Susie—"Well, *that* was an edifying little lecture. The only thing he forgot to say was that one's school days are the happiest days of one's life. I wonder. Oh! well." (*Sees text-books on table*) "Curses on homework! Only six precis in Burke for to-morrow! Now if only I could hand in one on Daddy's lecture. An appropriate precis of that would be that there never has been, there isn't, and there never will be a class so good as the Class of '27A was. By the way, I wonder how Daddy looked when he went to school. I think there's a picture of him somewhere." (*calling through door*) "Daddy, is that class picture of yours still in the table drawer?"

Father (*off-stage*)—"Yes, I think so." (*Susie hops over to table and pulls out drawer. As she does so, two pieces of something flutter to the floor. She stoops and picks them up.*)

Susie—"One of Dad's old report cards! Look! A 'D', 2 'E's, and an 'F'! That's even worse than mine!" (*Father re-enters.*)

Susie—"Oh! Daddy! See what I found. One of your old report cards! And look at the marks! A 'D', 2 'E's, and an 'F.' I guess I'm my father's daughter."

Father—"Susie, you get to bed! You should have been asleep an hour ago. Why when I was your age, I was always in bed at ten o'clock."

Susie—"Yes, Daddy, but you were telling me how wonderful your class was, and what *brilliant* records—"

Father—"*Susan! ! You go to bed, I said! ! ! !*"

Susie (*meekly*)—"Yes, sir. Good-night, Daddy."

(*Curtain*)

ALBA I. ZIZZAMIA,
ISADORE GARBER, *Historians.*

Class Prophecy

Time—January, 1945.

Place—On the road between Hartford and Windsor.

Scene—

THERE is the sound of a great crash, a girl's scream, a man's voice and the curtain rises on two toy automobiles which seem to have run into each other. A comely looking girl in a fur coat and a modest appearing young gentleman who, at just that moment, is in a rather uncomfortable position in the roadway, are disclosed to view—

She—"O-o!"

He (aloud, but to no one in particular)—"Isn't that just like a woman? After having secluded myself for all these years in Windsor Locks to keep these females from running after me, I come out of my seclusion for one night only to run right into one the first thing."

She (indignantly)—"It's all your fault. You weren't looking where you were going and should be arrested for reckless driving. Men always did make me weary anyhow. To think this is the first time I've been out unchaperoned in nineteen years and the first thing I do is run into this specimen."

He—"My fault!!! Say, how about yourself? You were on the wrong side of the road, you were speeding, your lights were off, you didn't blow your horn coming around a curve—"

She—"Well, of all the nerve! Do you mean to insinuate that I should tolerate such a diabolical, unpardonable insult?"

He—"You bet I do and I'm going to see that you get prosecuted to the full extent of the law for this, too! (*looking at her license number*) No. 8509 Connecticut markers—well, well. What's your name? Your right one now! Don't try to put anything over on me."

She (beginning to get frightened)—"Why—what are you going to do to me? I'm only a poor, weak, defenseless woman?"

He—"Well, I've been dodging women for the last nineteen years and now when I've got the opportunity to teach one a lesson you don't think I'll give it up, do you? What is your name?"

She—"Ethel Mary Rita Dooley."

He—"What—all that? Ethel Mary Rita Dooley. E-t-h-e-l (*writing it down in his 'little blue book'*) D-o-o-l-e-y, what! Ethel Dooley—well, of all things."

She—"What's the matter now?"

He—"And I'll bet you're going to the Weaver '27A reunion —of all things. If this isn't the queerest ever!"

She—"How on earth do you know where I'm going? And what do you know about me?"

He—"O, I know lots of things about you. You graduated from Weaver High School in '27A, used to have flaming red hair, wear green stockings every St. Patrick's Day, knew more about people than they did about themselves and graduated as the noisiest, peppiest, and most original girl in the class."

She—"For goodness sake; who are you?"

He—"Don't you remember in those dear, dead days beyond recall a certain lil' boy who used to frequent your house on Sunday afternoons and to whom your mother used to feed fruit cake with whipped cream in between times as we wrote the class prophecy."

She—"You—it can't be—and yet it is, 'Dick' Reppert, the prophet of 1927A."

He—"At your service, madam" (*with a sweeping bow*).

Ethel—"Isn't this great? After all these years that we should meet again! You aren't by any chance, going to the reunion yourself, are you?"

Dick—"I am, you know. It certainly does seem great to see you again and to think I was angry because you ran into me."

Ethel—"You ran into me, you mean."

Dick—"All right, have it your way! You always did, you know, back at Weaver. Say, what are you doing now?"

Ethel—"No doubt you will chuckle when you find out, but as long as you're interested I'll tell you. Remember my vivid career on the Editorial Board of *The Lookout*?" (*Dick nods assent.*) "Well, my old love for newspaper work drove me to this, my present position. I am the one who answers the 'Question Box' in the 'New Britain Current Slopis.' You see people write asking for advice on all subjects and I give it to them. By the way, I have some letters here now that I am rather puzzled about. Maybe you

can help me to answer them." (*Takes letters from her pocket.*) "I have to have the answers in after the reunion banquet tonight and I was planning to answer them during any spare moments I might have."

Dick—"Go ahead. Let me hear some of them."

Ethel (reading)—"'*Dear Question Box*: I am sunk in the depths of despair. The notes which I daily write to her remain unanswered and though I beg her to walk in Keney Park she refuses me always. What can I do? Entreatingly yours, *Douglas Harthon*'."

Dick—"That's easily answered. Just tell him to take one tablespoonful of Marion St. John's famous love syrup before and after meals three times a day, and he will instantaneously be in possession of the famous St. John charm."

Ethel—"Great! Here's another: '*Question Box*: I am desolate! What can I do? I can neither look upon nor speak to a woman without blushing. It will be my doom. Help me, *William Peterson*'."

Dick—"Here's a chance to give an old friend a customer. Tell Peterson to take one lesson from Frank Lang who is now giving a correspondence course in 'How to Cure Blushing in Six Lessons'."

Ethel—"And an answer to this? '*Dear Question Box*: I am a poor man out of work and would like a nice, easy job, preferably one where I could sleep days and one with a large salary. Do you know of any vacancies? *Louis Berman*'."

Dick—"I know of just the thing for Louis. It was only this morning that I saw in the paper that they are looking for a head caretaker for Archie, the Alligator, at Weaver, and I think Louis would do very nicely."

Ethel—"You certainly are helping me out wonderfully; but here's a difficult one to answer. '*The Question Box*: I long to see the wide, wide world and am slightly lacking in financial respects. How can I be helped? *Arthur Dorman*'."

Dick—"That's too simple! Just tell him to join the navy and he'll see the world in eighty days."

Ethel—"The work of a brilliant mind all right. Can you help me out on this? '*Madame Question Box*: We have a longing to help our fellow men. The spirit of a great enterprise fills our souls and we seek guidance from you. Aid us we beseech you. *Irving Rosenthal, Leonard Shoenfeld, Harry Weisenberg*'."

Dick—"I should suggest that by teaching etiquette to the canibals out in the Fiji Islands they would certainly help their fellow men."

Ethel—"Very suitable. Now, here is the final letter: *'Question Box of Mystery*: We are two good fellows who desire a great adventure. We have one aeroplane between us. Could you give us any suggestions? *Louis DuBrow, Paul Paulsen'*."

Dick—"They might try a trip to Mars to find out the most approved methods of high school education there. They always were so fond of education, you remember."

Ethel—"Good, you've done all my night's work for me. Now, tell me about yourself."

Dick—"Before I start, won't you have a piece of this 'Kay' Moriarty candy? I bought it at one of the 'Kay 'Moriarty Candy Stores before I started, in case I should get hungry. It's really very good, in spite of its name." (*He offers her some candy in a paper bag and she eagerly accepts it. They both settle themselves for friendly conversation.*)

Ethel—"Oh! thanks—but aren't you in a hurry to get to the reunion?"

Dick—"No, I can get more gossip from you in fifteen minutes than I could get at the reunion in fifteen hours."

Ethel—"Just for that you'll have to tell me every single thing about yourself."

Dick—"Well, you know how I always hated women, anyhow; so I tried to get away from their wiles and temptations, their frills and fancies, and went to live up in Windsor Locks. Wherever I went they followed me in droves, clung on to me, adored me, while I heeded them not, and so I lived all alone. But only a week ago I got a longing to go back to my old, familiar haunts and see those friends of my youth at the class reunion. And so it was there I was headed when Fate brought me in contact with you."

Ethel—"Well, I was there last year and found out a few things about some of our former classmates."

Dick—"I knew you'd have all the latest. Tell me, whatever happened to that flirtatious member of our class, 'Syb' Corvo?"

Ethel—"Oh, she and 'Syb' Ginewsky have gone on the stage. They have a vaudeville act all their own and sing, 'Who is Sylvia?' just as though they didn't know. As an encore 'Syb' Ginewsky gives old Irish folk songs in the brogue, accompanied on the 'uke' by Lloyd Smith."

Dick—"Very appropriate. And say, was Raleigh Dresser at the reunion?"

Ethel—"Oh, yes, Raleigh was there and in between flirting with the beautiful blonde waitress, 'Syb' Bronstein, he was studying—he is still trying to pass entrance exams for college, you know, under the tutorage of the famous teacher, Louise Macauley. So far, Raleigh has only failed once a year for the last nineteen years."

Dick—"That's not bad for him. I saw 'Al' Jeter the other day and he still denies that he used to prefer red hair to brown. Do you remember when he displayed such remarkable preference for that red headed sophomore during his senior year?"

Ethel—"And how! Did you hear about Alba Zizzamia?"

Dick—"No, what happened to her?"

Ethel—"Well, you see 'Lennie' Selitzky has been appointed American Ambassador to China, and for his especial benefit Alba has compiled a dictionary of the Chinese language, consisting of ten thousand volumes and containing thirty thousand million words. It only took Alba three weeks to write it, but it's gonna take 'Lennie' plenty of time to learn it. However, I've heard that his three private secretaries, Hilda Aron, 'Dot' Lay and Esther Lutin, are of great help to him, and with their aid it probably will not be so difficult for him to learn the Chinese language, that is, if he gets those private lessons he always was so fond of."

Dick—"Do you ever see Frank Carney?"

Ethel—"Wait'll I tell you! Only last night I went to the Lenox (*yes, I still go there*) and the picture flashed on the screen was, 'Why Women Love', starring Frank Carney, 'Bingie' Turley and 'Sam' Harger."

Dick—"So they were the reasons?"

Ethel—"That's it. 'Aren't women quare the fancies they take?' And you haven't heard the half of it yet. The women in the picture were Lois Abbe, who was s'posed to be madly in love with Frank Carney, (*of course this was only a picture, mind you!*) Virna Gunther and Jennie Faldman. It was some picture! There was some heavy vamping done by 'Flo' Savitt, who hasn't changed a bit, and 'Kay' Kearns played the villain who tried to separate Frank and Lois."

Dick—"Speaking of the Lenox, reminds me of our class beauty. Frances Rau."

Ethel—"Oh, yes, Frances Rau—if I remember rightly, she and I were bosom friends in the days of yore. Do you remember that

famous smile of hers? Well, it did her some good, after all. She is now posing for Colgate toothpaste—you know that adv.—'He told me my teeth were diamonds in the moonlight', while Grace Preston has a position advertising Palmolive Soap. She goes from house to house as a living example of 'Keep that school girl complexion—out of the rain.' 'Ray' Morris appears daily in G. Fox's basement every afternoon from four till five displaying, 'How to be well dressed on $10 per week'."

Dick—"I never thought those three would end up like that. That reminds me, I have quite a bit of news about our classmates. Last summer a carnival came to Windsor and in a moment of frivolity I went to see the side show never expecting that I should see so much of 1927A therein represented. Well, wha'd'ya' know? A whole party of them had joined together and made up a side show of their own. There was Harriet Croker, the one and only example of a woman who knows when and where to keep silent, and on the other side of the tent Helen Carney represented the only living specimen of a girl who could giggle steadily for one whole hour without stopping. 'Monnie' Wissel was also there as the snake charmer—'member all the snakes she charmed at Weaver? 'Dan' Tasillo posed as the one and only gentleman who didn't prefer blondes, and Henry Hudson made sketches of the 'gang' to be sold at ten cents apiece. 'Dick' Hemenway was their advertising salesman and side show barker, when he wasn't selling fountain pens on Main Street, and in between times 'Flo' Joseph recited the little ditty which she has made famous, 'At the Baseball Game'; Sadie Kostin took care of the children while their mothers went inside to look at the curios."

Ethel—"Ha, ha, pretty good! Did I tell you Norman Smyth and 'Ted' Leonard were at the last reunion?" (*Dick shakes his head in the negative*) "Yes, Norman was trying to borrow a dime from 'Ted' and 'Ted' was trying to get it from Marshall St. John. Marshall couldn't spare it 'cause it was all he had for his carfare back to Thompsonville where he now resides."

Dick—" 'Ted' and Norman are still up to their old tricks—what?"

Ethel—"And 'Betty' Applebaum has taken up the gentle art of nursing, so they say. Picture that angelic countenance hovering over your bedside. No wonder 'Dan' Charter has developed appendicitis, swollen tonsils and heart failure all in one week."

Dick—"Ah, yes, 'Betty'—she was so sweet and shy. Something like 'Lil' Rodensky, who is still teaching Bertha Morse and

Rella Himmelblau the 'Charleston.' And have you read the latest book of etiquette made in combined style by 'Roy' Hammer and 'Walt' Loeffler called, 'Hints to the Impolite'? 'Walt' says he learned his hints in the library."

Ethel—"The strangest thing of all, I think, is that Louis Clare is running an 'Advice to the Lovelorn Column' in the 'Daily News'."

Dick—"And Ruth Blessing, who never spoke two words back at Weaver, while the rest of us talked to our hearts' content, has written a series of books called, 'Fifty Thousand Words a Day for Sixty Days'."

Ethel—"Speaking of 'Fifty Thousand Words' reminds me that Harry Weinstein, the famous authority on mad dogs, gave a speech over the radio the other night entitled, 'Every dog has his tale', and I think he must have used every word in Ruth's books and a few more besides."

Dick—"That's another reason why I secluded myself in Windsor, so that I might get away from radios and static."

Ethel—"But there are some nice things about radio just the same. Last night there were some bedtime stories for the children given by Ruth Barber, and they really were so sweet that I listened in myself. A few moments after they were over though the Meisleman sisters gave a vocal duet entitled, 'Come Back to Erin', so I decided to shut the radio off for the remainder of the evening."

Dick—"Do you ever hear from 'Gert' Miller, 'Bee' Romansky, or Sarah Kaprove?"

Ethel—"Well, you see, 'Ray' Bialick has started a class in aesthetic dancing, assisted by 'Bee', Sara and 'Gert.' He has invented a new dance called 'Blue Top', in direct contrast to the dance of our day, 'Black Bottom'."

Dick—"Have you heard the latest idea in travel?"

Ethel—"No; what is it?"

Dick—" 'Eddie' Verrillo and 'Ben' Rosenthal have formed a corporation to teach people how to flap their ears and fly. They're almost trillionaires now from it. And guess who they've got as instructors? Sadie Eagney, Mildred Whitney and Marion Rutt."

Ethel—"Well, for goodness sake!"

Dick—"Yes, and Frances Goltra and 'Tommy' Taylor, the world's leading women athletes, are coaching two of our leading college teams in football. There is heavy rivalry between the two of them and each stakes her life on her own team."

Ethel—"I remember their athletic tendencies all right. But where did you find that out?"

Dick—"Well, you see, I met them and their friends, the famous Sullivan sisters of the vaudeville act, 'Spring and Springing with Sullivan's Heels', down at the Electric Light Company, visiting an old chum of theirs, Violet Dixon, who helps turn off lights down there."

Ethel—"I s'pose you've read the best seller of the year entitled, 'How to Be Happy Though Married, by One Who Knows', written by 'Dot' Reinholdz. It really is a masterpiece, so different, you know."

Dick—"As I didn't marry I'm not interested in books of that sort. I forgot to tell you about the wonderful job 'Izzie' Garber has. He is working for the Samuel Kaplan Five and Ten Cent Store and has risen to great salesmanship heights, now having charge of the baby carriage department. Dora Mancini is posing for the covers of 'Farm Life' and 'Syb' Spalter has the none too easy task of painting her." (*Auto horn sounds off stage.*)

Dick—"Here comes another car. Maybe we'll get them to tow us to the reunion. I'll go over and see." (*Comes rushing on the stage with a long cable in his hand.*)

Dick—"Help me tie up the cars. Guess who're in the other automobile."

Ethel—"Tell me quickly."

Dick—"Ruth Crane, Ruth Flanigan and Ruth Juster with Irina Whaley at the wheel. They've just come from a meeting of 'Let Everyone Have the Same First Name Club' of which Ruth Crane is president; Ruth Flanigan is secretary, and Ruth Juster is treasurer. They're all going to the reunion. We'll let them tow us in."

RICHARD W. REPPERT, *Prophet,*
ETHEL M. DOOLEY, *Prophetess.*

Class Will

BE IT HEREBY KNOWN TO ALL MEN by these Presents, That we, the Members of the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Seven, Anno Domini, having reached the conclusion of our allotted stay in the Thomas Snell Weaver Memorial High School, and being recognized universally (cum grano salis) as the most illustrious class ever to have entered the portals of this magnificent institution of learning, do hereby make disposal of our belongings, eccentricities, proclivities, and propensities, in the magnanimous manner hereinafter set forth, *nunc aut nunquam*:

To Mr. Holden, we leave a model lunchroom, free from papers and empty milk bottles.

To Mr. Burke's youngest son, Richard, born without a hair on his head, we donate Ethel Dooley's auburn locks, in order that the aforesaid and abovementioned Richard Burke may resemble his father as much as possible.

To Coach Stone, we leave "Izzy" Garber's unfailing eye for baskets, and the flying tackles of Sam Harger, "Wiff" Hudson, and "Walt" Loeffler, to be held in trust for future championship teams.

To our session room teacher, the Darling of the class, we leave a Maxim-silencer for quieting the future inhabitants of Room 227.

To Mr. Fox, the building superintendent, we leave a "scooter", with "Syb" Ginewsky as chauffeur, that he may get around the halls more quickly.

To "Izzy" Garber, we leave the ham which he requested in "The Whiteheaded Boy."

We leave *Harry Weinstein's* flaming neckties to the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. for flagging trains.

To "Bill" Shea, we leave the crimson sash worn by "Dan" Charter on Senior Day.

Inasmuch as "the meek inherit the earth", we leave that part which *Louis Clare* inherits to the school for an annex to the building, to contain all the cups awarded for "moral victories."

To the Faculty, we leave the members of our class who will take post-graduate courses, so that all the intelligent pupils will not be lost to the school at graduation.

To the French Department, we leave *Monsieur Leonard Selitzky* for an interpreter at French Club meetings.

To the incoming Class of 1931A, we leave the talent of Alba Zizzamia, to be divided up among the members of the class, that they may all be honor students.

CODICILS

To the School, Raleigh, the best Dresser of the class, leaves a song, beginning: "The years I spent with thee, dear friend—"

To "Joe" Kastner, Frances Rau leaves the trials of editing *The Lookout.*

To "True Confessions Magazine", Marion Rutt leaves the selections from her diary which appeared in *The Chronicle.*

To "Tiny" Berman, Louis Berman leaves his overcoat.

To "Archie the Alligator", we leave "Bing" Turley's fur coat, to keep him warm in these northern winters, while far from "Lulu and the kids" in the sunny South.

Signed and sealed, uno animo, verbatim et literatim,

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN A.

RICHARD M. HEMENWAY, *Testator.*

Class Song

Lyric by
Clara and Evelyn Meiselman

Music by
R. Augustus Morris

Moderato

We meet here to— night, the last time as a class, We shall soon
Al— though we re— joice to be called high schoolgrads, we shall miss

make our way out a— mongst the world's great mass, But where e'er we may stray, or what
the good times and the fun we here have had, In the Gym, In the Lib, where the

e'er we may do, To the cause of our School we'll re— main fond and true.
Chorus by— word was hush, In the halls Session rooms, and the big lunch room rush.

We've en joyed our years in this School Wea-ver High, To live up to your

stand-ards we al— ways will try By fut— ure suc-cess and by wor— thy aims,

Which we learned in our clubs, and our work, and our games, We will raise to great

heights your glo-ry and your fame, And be proud, Wea-ver High, when we hear your name.

Class Statistics

GIRLS		*BOYS*
Frances Rau	*Most Popular*	Leonard Selitzky
Alba Zizzamia	*Most Capable*	Leonard Selitzky
Virna Gunther	*Most Practical*	Edward Verrillo
Ethel Dooley	*Most Original*	Richard Reppert
Dorothy Reinholdz	*Most Serious*	Louis Clare
Grace Preston	*Most Courteous*	Walter Loeffler
Frances Goltra	*Most Masculine*	Sterling Harger
Lois Abbe	*Most Feminine*	Lloyd Smith
Geraldine Sullivan	*Most Sarcastic*	Alfred Jeter
Dorothy Reinholdz	*Most Dignified*	Daniel Tasillo
Lois Abbe	*Most Conceited*	Richard Reppert
Ruth Blessing	*Most Bashful*	Louis Clare
Evelyn Meiselman	*Most Pessimistic*	Harry Weinstein
Louise Macauley	*Most Optimistic*	Fred Leonard
Sylvia Corvo	*Most Flirtatious*	Raleigh Dresser
Betty Applebaum	*Most Angelic*	Frank Carney
Marjorie Taylor	*Most Athletic*	Sterling Harger
Ethel Dooley	*Most Noisy*	Harry Weinstein
Ruth Blessing	*Most Quiet*	Benjamin Rosenthal
Sylvia Spalter	*Most Credulous*	Alfred Jeter
Frances Rau	*Best Looking*	Frank Carney
Grace Preston	*Best Sport*	Henry Hudson
Sylvia Ginewsky	*Best Dancer*	Isadore Garber
Katherine Kearns	*Best Dresser*	Raymond Morris
Jennie Faldman	*Biggest Bluffer*	Raleigh Dresser
Evelyn Meiselman	*Biggest Borrower*	Norman Smyth
Florence Savitt	*Biggest Spendthrift*	Raleigh Dresser
Frances Rau	*Busiest*	Leonard Selitzky
Katherine Moriarty	*Laziest*	Vincent Turley
Ethel Dooley	*Peppiest*	Isadore Garber
Katherine Kearns	*Neatest*	Alfred Jeter
Sylvia Ginewsky	*Cutest*	Louis Berman
Helen Carney	*Silliest*	Lloyd Smith
Lois Abbe	*Daintiest*	Samuel Kaplan
Alba Zizzamia	*Best All-around*	Isadore Garber
Alba Zizzamia	*Done Most for Weaver High*	Leonard Selitzky

IN SONGLAND

Sittin' on Top o' the World ..... *Norman Smyth*
My Sweetie Turned Me Down ..... *Kay Kearns*
Drifting and Dreaming ..... *All of Us*
Gimme a Lil Kiss ..... *Dan Charter*
Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals ..... *Syb Corvo*
Why Don't You Marry the Girl? ..... *Marshall St. John*
If I Had a Girl Like You ..... *Monnie Wissel*
Don't Wake Me Up; Let Me Dream ..... *Kay Moriarty*
Big Boy ..... *Wiff Hudson*
That Red Haired Gal ..... *Red Dooley*
That Certain Feeling ..... *Just Before Exams*
Breezin' Along with the Breeze ..... *Ted Leonard*
Dapper Dan ..... *Dan Tasillo*
Lucky Day ..... *Graduation Day*
When the One You Love, Loves You ..... *Dot Reinholdz*
Sweet Child ..... *Sammy Kaplan*
Kiss Me Again ..... *Dick Reppert*
C'llegiate ..... *Ray Morris*
I'll See You in My Dreams ..... *Harry Weinstein*
Angel Child ..... *Betty Applebaum*
Lovin' Sam ..... *Sam Harger*
Who's Sorry Now? ..... *Lennie Selitzky*
When Lights Are Low ..... *Bingie Turley*
Good-Bye Forever ..... *After the Reception*
A Smile will go a Long, Long Way ..... *"Smiles" Rau*
Could I? I Certainly Could! ..... *Alba Zizzamia*
How Many Times ..... *Raleigh Dresser*
Till We Meet Again ..... *At the Reunions*
Let Me Be By Your Side ..... *Izzy Garber*
At Peace With the World ..... *Ruth Barber*
Say It Again ..... *That I Graduated*
You're Always a Baby to Mother ..... *Lloyd Smith*
When You Love More Than One ..... *Virna Gunther*
Sorta Miss You ..... *Demerits!*
You're in Love with Everyone ..... *Syb Ginewsky*
Let Us Waltz as we Say Good-bye ..... *At the Reception*
It's Too Late Now to Be Sorry ..... *That We Flunked*
Oh Say! Can I See You Tonight? ..... *D. Harthon*
Let's Talk about My Sweetie ..... *Syb Bronstein*
Suppose I Had Never Met You ..... *Frank Carney*
Mindin' My Business ..... *Louis Clare*
Ah, Ha! ..... *You'll Never Know Who Wrote This?*

THE DIARY OF A 1927A FEMALE

Monday—The same old dreary Monday! How could they expect us to settle down to old, dry studies after such a glorious week-end! Gee! I can't get the picture of that great big handsome fellow I met Saturday night out of my mind. Joe seemed so insipid today beside that picture! Rained.

Tuesday—Cloudy. Joe must notice a change in me. He was awfully nice today. Waited for me after school and put my overshoes on for me! It does him good to make him jealous once in a while! Wanted to take me to the show but I have two tests tomorrow. Miss Bunch was awful today. Gave me three demerits for telling "Betty" about the "honey" I met Saturday!

Wednesday—There's a new fellow at school! He's awfully cute! He plays football and basketball, writes poetry, and has a driver's license! He's just adorable. I'm going to see if I can meet him. Poor Joe! Pleasant.

Thursday—Met the new fellow! He's so dumb! gee. Looks certainly are deceiving! I guess Joe's a pretty good fellow after all. Anyway, he's not dumb. Went to the show with him and ate afterward. He certainly does spend money!

Friday—Only good day in the week, because it's the last. Got three more demerits for telling "Betty" how dumb the new fellow is. He's sorta all wet! If he wants to go over, he'll need some coaching! Gee, I'm all thrilled! My great big "he-man" just called me up for a date! I stalled around, but was I eager! It's tomorrow night! What'll I wear? Poor Joe gets another knockout, but this fellow's perfect. Got his university letter!

Saturday—Gee, I've been getting ready all day! Had my hair marcelled this morning, and fixed my dress. I was supposed to wash the dishes, but had my nails all manicured, so called it off till next Saturday. I'm all excited to see him! Gee, he's perfect! Hope I look my best.

Sunday—Well, I enjoyed myself immensely last night. He's a fine sport. A lot like Joe, though! Not an awful lot of difference. I have another date with him for next week. Hope Joe comes tonight. I haven't seen him for a long time. Funny they're so much alike! Well, I must get ready for another bad day tomorrow, I 'spose.

DIARY OF A 1927A MALE

Monday—Same punk Monday. Got called on in three classes! Got caught cribbing on that History test. Got home and found some one had told dad, I had taken the car the other night, after he told me not to. Ye gods!

Tuesday—Life's funny. Yesterday, I didn't feel like livin'. Today, well, everything was perfect. Got my letter in football. Jack paid me that quarter he owed me, and "Betty" asked me to her party, after treatin' me like a worm all last week.

Wednesday—Nothing ever happens to me. We were reading in English today about a guy called Sam Johnson—gee, he must've had a great ole time—never went to school half the time and still managed to turn out great. Some people have all the luck. Reports tomorrow—'nuff sed!

Thursday—Family on the warpath! Dad gave vent to his feelings tonight. Have been sentenced to my room to study for three hours, at the least. Plugged at History for twenty whole minutes the other night, got to school next day and teacher called on me for review work which I hadn't even looked at. What's the use?

Friday—Down to the "office" today. Told by "one who knows" that unless I studied harder that I wouldn't graduate. Won't get my car if I don't graduate, so I guess I'd better try. "Betty's" party tomorrow night. At times "Betty" does seem rather commonplace.

Saturday—Had to write this down. I've met "her", diary, and I'll say she's a wow! Gosh, the minute I got to "Betty's" I spied her sittin' way over in the corner—rather aloof-like, and she kinda smiled a lil' half-smile sorta; an' O, gee, well, it's enough to say I never left her the whole evening through, an' I'm takin' her to every basketball game that's left, and my reception, and class night. "Betty's" wild but—wha'do I care? "Her" name is Ann—cute?

Sunday—Called Ann up five times. Even tried to study so that I'll graduate so that I'll get my car so that I can take her to real "proms" when I go to college. I've turned over a new leaf—no more F's, no more demerits, no other girls. Mother and Dad think I'm sick, 'cause I've been studying and didn't even go to the "Lenox" tonight—gee, it seems good to be alive, even though I did get three F's and an E. I hope no one tells Ann about my marks. Boy, but she's nice—.

Alphabetics

Girls

A is for Abbe,
We do like her some;
Though she comes from the abbeys,
She's not like a nun.

B stands for Bertha,
A girl wondrous wise;
Her talent for drawing
Has earned many a prize.

C stands for Corvo,
She's "Syb" by name;
We bet her flirtations
Will gain her some fame.

D denotes Dooley,
With flaming red hair;
When we hear her talking
We know it's hot air!

E is for Esther,
With her hair in a roll;
We hand it to her
When you say "Espagnol."

F is for Frances,
Who's busy as a bee;
The beauty of our class,
None nicer than she!

G means Ginewsky,
A cute little lass;
She's right there at acting
And has quite a past!

H is for Himmelblau,
Quite a long name;
If we've spelled it correctly
We shall have earned fame!

I is for Iodine,
Miss Fleming does give.
It's down in her office
Our athletes do live.

J denotes Jennie,
At hookey, a shark;
At bluffing, she's better,
And to her, school's a lark.

K is for Kay K.,
With eyes of blue;
She may be a spitfire,
But what can we do?

L signifies Lilly,
With a cute little giggle;
Her "e's" and her "i's"
She knows how to jiggle.

M means Macauley,
They call her "Squeeze";
She's the type of a girl
We all like to tease.

N is for nothing,
And we got quite a fall;
When we found at our meetings
We knew "Nothing at all!"

O is for Ovid,
A piece of bad luck.
When it comes to reciting,
We'd all like to duck!

P signifies Preston,
A peach of a sport.
Say what you will,
She's just our sort.

Q is for quizzes,
That some teachers give;
When it comes to the answers,
We feel like a sieve.

R is for Rutt,
Our cheerleader fine;
In athletics, too,
She's sure to shine.

S stands for Spalter,
Who wields a fine brush;
It's one that's artistic
And not for the dust.

"Tommy" Taylor comes next,
Right under the "T";
She's a speedy young athlete,
As fine as can be.

U stands for Unity,
We can't have too much;
We need it for everything,
And—that's that!

V is for Virna,
A modest young miss,
Which she shows by her blushes:
Like a rose, dew-kissed!

W's for Whitney,
At playing she's great,
When she's on the program
We just hate to be late!

X denotes Xyloid,
Meaning "like wood";
This applies to the people
That we think it should.

Y stands for Youth,
That is '27A.
Shall we ever grow up?
Who knows but we may.

Z is for Zizzamia,
A hard name to spell;
But the spelling's a trifle,
When we like her so well!

Alphabetics

Boys

A, to our sorrow,
Begins not one name;
As sad as this seems
We are not to blame.

B stands for Berman,
Who when all is said,
Is a cute little boy
From his toes to his head.

C is for Carney,
As everyone knows,
Though he looks so angelic,
It's only a pose.

D denotes Dresser,
We'll admit we're quite proud,
That to leave Weaver with us
Dear Raleigh's allowed.

E means our Eddie,
Verrillo, oh hark!
Not so good with the ladies,
But at problems, a shark.

F is for Fred,
Just brimful of pep;
For getting sick passes
He's acquired quite a "rep."

G stands for Garber,
Of Dramatic Club fame,
In the play, he was "Denis";
So what's in a name?

H is for Harger,
And "Wiff" Hudson too;
When it comes to football
We'll leave it to you.

I means just Irving,
Don't mind him, I pray;
His giggles increase
As his thoughts fade away.

J is for Jeter,
He thinks he's a wow,
He may have been one time,
But he isn't now!

K denotes Kaplan,
So quiet and cute;
If he were bigger,
He might be a brute.

L is for "Lennie",
Selitzky, O my!
We know we could like him,
But he won't let us try!

M is for Morris,
We'll say he's got class;
As a red-hot c'llegiate
None can surpass.

N is for news,
Which spreads like the mumps,
And makes our dear classmates
Feel down in the dumps.

O is for orchestra,
'Twill play at our dance;
And to show off our "stuff"
'Twill give us a chance.

P is for Paulsen,
We don't think it's fair
That a boy like this boy
Should have golden hair.

Q is for quiet,
And that's what we're not;
If it's noise and loud talking,
We're all on the spot.

R is for Reppert,
Of excuses he's fond;
When at night he goes walking
Near Keney Park Pond.

S can mean Smith,
Both Norman and Lloyd,
With the "y" and the "i"
We are often annoyed.

T's for Tasillo,
Of him we are fond,
And find him a gentleman
Who prefers a blonde.

U is for us,
And as usual "you",
With a letter like this
What more can we do?

V is for Vincent,
Whose last name is Turley,
He took out a red-head
And brought her home early.

W is for Weinstein,
With voice far from weak;
When it comes to the ladies
He thinks he's a sheik.

X, Y, and **Z** are no friends of the poet.
We've come to the end,
And don't care
If you know it.

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The Best People ..... *Class of 1927A*
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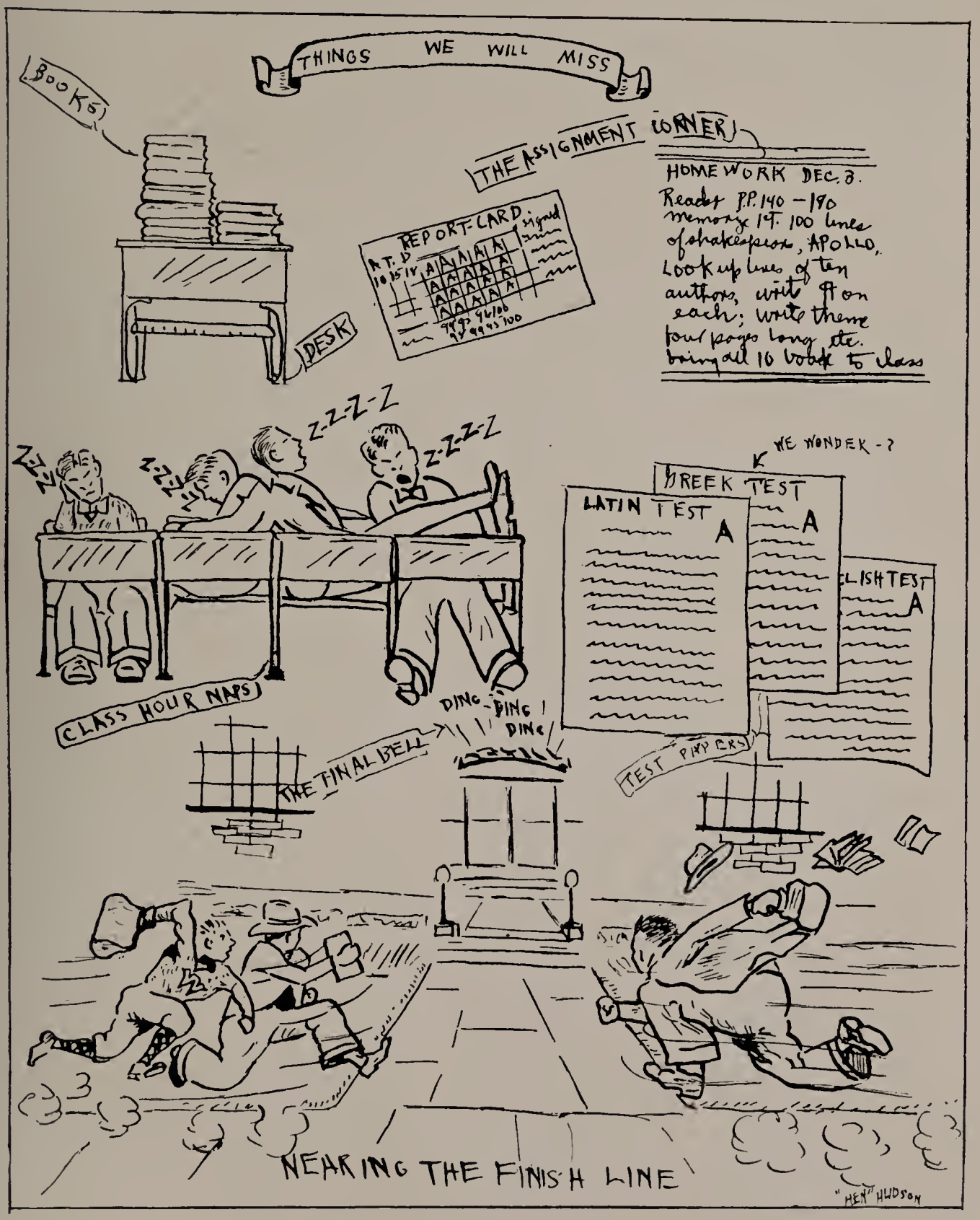
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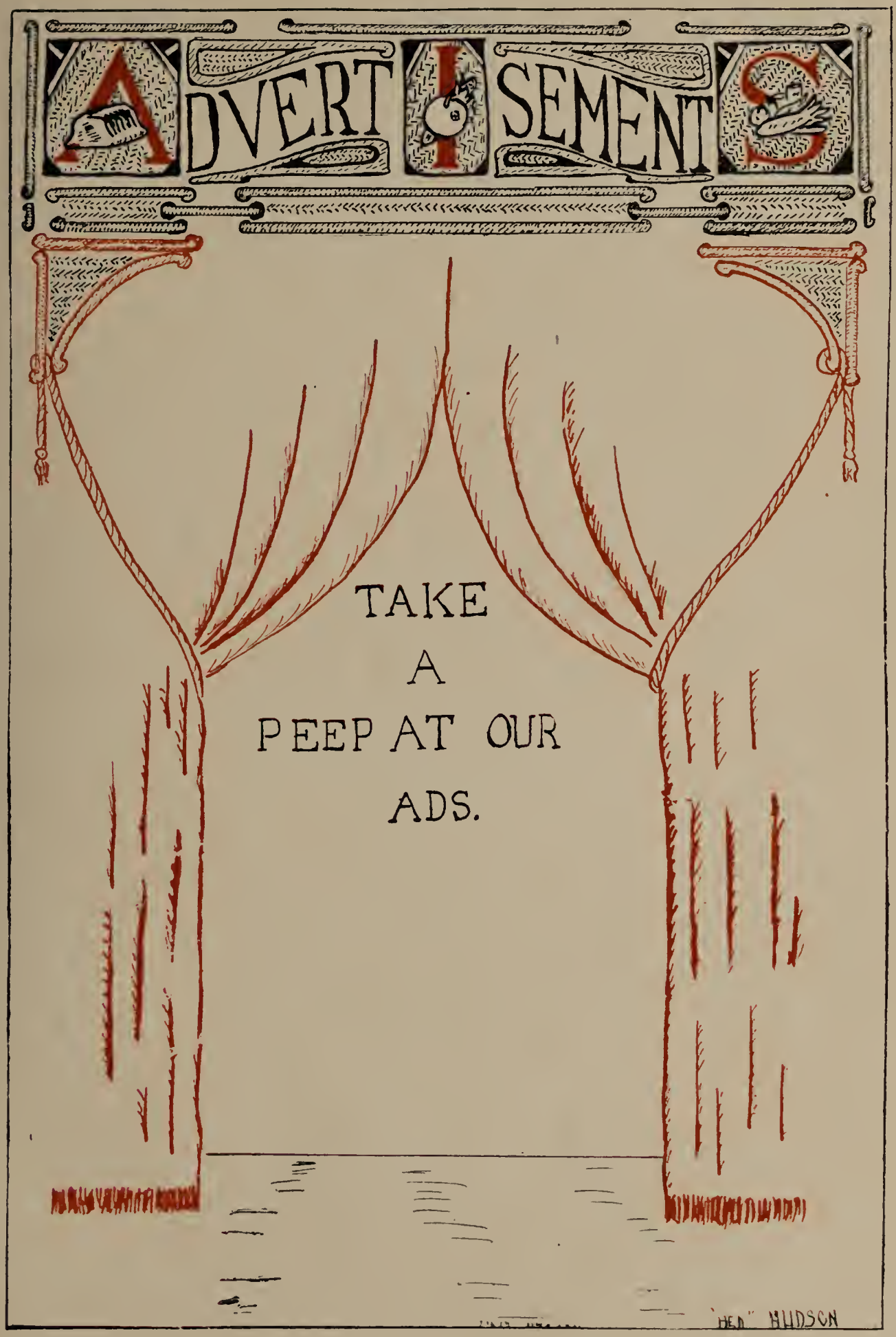
HE that considereth himself abused by an unostentatious slam, meant in the spirit of friendliness and jest, should recall unto his mind the following parable:

There was a king, and he was king over a vast domain, and a wise ruler was he, a wise man, too, and many came to him from round about to seek his counsels, and hear his words of wisdom. And the king had a jester, a sharp-tongued fool, and he made a jest of every one and all things, so that the king and his courtiers might laugh. Now this fool had a pair of bow-legs, and very sensitive was he about them, for in the fashion of the times, they were not well concealed, and he did think his good appearance was much detracted from. So the poor fool did do his best to hide his misshapen limbs, but with no little difficulty, and always in hopes was he that people would not notice them. Now the princess of the land did take unto herself a husband, and the king, her father, prepared a great feast, and all the lords and nobles in the land were invited. And there was much merrymaking at the banquet, for the food was good, and the wine ran free. Now there was a minstrel at the feast, who sang songs of valorous deeds of heroes, and ballads of fair maidens sang he, to amuse the guests, and right prettily did he sing, and the king was made glad. Now this bard did beat the rhythm with his foot, and a long foot had he, and narrow, so that the jester, thinking to show his wit, remarked, "Faith, Sir Minstrel, and thou hast a pretty foot. I' truth, it remindeth me of the wooden paddles my kitchen knave hath to pound his foods as thou dost pound out thy music."

But the bard made answer speedily, "Zounds, fool, didst ever look at thy legs? A prettier pair of rainbows never have I seen," whereat the fool flew into a rage, and did make for attacking the minstrel. But the king called forth, "Stop, fool! Thou are merry enough in making jests of others, but the jest is not so pretty when turned on thee. Out with thee knave. Cast him into exterior darkness!"

* * *

And so, thou seest that there should be no weeping or gnashing of teeth, for many are slammed and but few are extolled, and thou must take as thou dost give.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